

**FREDERIC & CAROLINE,**

OR THE

**FITZMORRIS FAMILY.**



**A NOVEL.**



**LANE, MINERVA-PRESS, LEADENHALL-STREET.**





*R. F. F. M.*  
FREDERIC & CAROLINE,

OR THE  
FITZMORRIS FAMILY.

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A NOVEL.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF  
REBECCA, JUDITH, MIRIAM, &c.

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“ I wou'd not wrong  
“ Virtue so try'd by the least shade of doubt :  
“ Undue suspicion is more abject baseness,  
“ Even than the guilt suspected.”

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VOL. I.

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1800.

FREDERIC & CAROLINE

OF THE

FREDERICK'S MUSEUM

A. 1801

1801



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TO  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
*THE PRINCESS OF WALES.*

MADAM,

AS the Desire I feel of publicly  
avowing the Respect and Esteem I entertain for  
your Character is the only Motive which actuates  
me in dedicating this little Work to your High-  
ness, permit me to indulge the pleasing Hope that  
you will not disdain the Liberty I have taken.

I am,

MADAM,

With unfeigned Respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient humble Servant.

*E. M. F.*





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# FITZMORRIS.



## CHAP. I.

- “ Welcome, ye groves, whose solemn scenes inspire  
“ Sad mournful thoughts that suit my woeful state ;  
“ No cheerful landscape does my soul desire,  
“ But shades that wear the colour of my fate.”

IN the year 1798, a stranger, having purchased an estate in a remote part of the county of Cornwall, came to reside in a small house situated upon it. No one knew from what part of the world he had thus retired ; no one was acquainted with the extent of his property, or the respectability of his connections ; no one was able to discover

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whether his seclusion was dictated by necessity or choice. A person of the name of Wilson, who passed for his steward, transacted every kind of business in his own name, and without the principal's ever appearing, except on the original purchase of the property; and even then, blanks were left in the writings, to conceal the real name of the purchaser. His person was what the generality of the world would deem handsome, yet the bloom of youth was evidently passed. Sickness and sorrow had jointly contributed to blight those roses age had as yet spared; and it appeared almost impossible even for the lenient hand of Time to smooth the deep furrows traced by care on his brow. He pursued none of those rural amusements his situation was so particularly calculated to afford him; resolutely, though politely refused all the advances of the neighbouring gentry

gentry towards an intimacy with him, alledging his ill state of health as the reason of his dereliction from society. He spent the greatest part of his time by the sea-side; neither the gloom nor solitude of night prevented him. Seated on the point of a rock, he would view the raging tempest, and the wild howlings of the waters undimmed, and not unfrequently with such extreme absence, as almost to persuade a casual observer that affliction had absorbed every faculty of his soul, and rendered him unconscious of surrounding objects.

This stranger was known by the name of Sandford. Two years had elapsed since his first arrival in the neighbourhood, when one evening Mr. Wilson rushed precipitately into the apartment where Mr. Godfray, the Rector of the parish, and his family were sitting at supper, exclaiming—

“ Oh Sir ! for God’s sake fly to the relief of my master ! Save, endeavour to save the worthiest, the best of men ! Oh ! ” continued he, clasping his hands together in an agony of grief, “ my master, my dear master, that ever I should live to see this day ! I that have carried you in my arms—I that have witnessed your goodness, your virtue, your generosity, your nobleness of soul ! Never was so gracious a master known, never so kind a friend, so good a man ! “ When the ear heard him, then it blessed him ; when the eye saw him, it bore witness to him : ” but the sun of his happiness is set for ever ! This world can offer him no hopes but for futurity ! His consolation and his reward are beyond the grave ! ”

“ What is the poor gentleman’s complaint ? ” said Mr. Godfrey.

“ I know



"I know not," replied the steward; "he was never attacked in a similar way but once, and then it was occasioned by an event of a horrid nature, which was communicated to him too suddenly; but that cannot be the case at present I think, as he holds no intercourse with any one which could possibly lead to a discovery or acquaintance with any of his former connections."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Godfrey, "it may be occasioned by his total seclusion from a world, in which he has been accustomed to move in splendour and magnificence; his want of society either to sooth his sorrows, or dissipate his chagrin; and his being without any companion, from whom his care-worn heart might seek consolation and support, and in whose welfare and happiness he might feel himself interested. Believe

me, Mr. Wilton, our Divine Creator never formed man for a state of solitude; and an active, liberal, and generous mind must, in such a state, derive felicity only from itself: for after the novelty is passed, rural charms cease to attract either attention or admiration, and in case family misfortunes, or other perverse circumstances, have rendered retrospection painful, and no interesting occupation occurs to prevent recollection, it must naturally prey on itself, and become either callous to the feelings of humanity, or a victim to bodily disorders and mental insanity. I fear the present situation of your friend too nearly resembles the latter."

"The sentiments of my master are, I believe, rather singular," returned the steward, "as well as the various misfortunes which gave rise to them. If I were at liberty, I could

I could give you some information respecting both, but as it is, you must excuse me."

"I wish not impertinently to pry into the family or connections of any one," said Mr. Godfrey; "but has your master no relatives, to whom his indisposition should be made known?"

"No, Sir, his misfortunes proceed from the entire dissolution of every earthly tie; every bond which should bind him to this world, has been violently rent asunder, and those who should have contributed to his happiness, have uniformly been the means of making him wretched."

"My children," said Mr. Godfrey, turning to his son and daughter, "you will retire at your usual time; my return will be uncertain, as I shall await the amendment of Mr. Sandford."

The walk passed in conversation on the constitution and habits of the invalid, and the condition of his health before this seizure. They soon arrived within a few paces of his habitation, and found one of the women servants at the door, in anxious expectation of their coming.

“How is the poor gentleman?” said Mr. Godfrey.

“Oh Sir, Heaven be praised, you are come! God only knoweth how glad I be to see you! I verily thought my poor master would have died, and no one be here but such simple souls as Mary and I. He is so mortal cold; such a clammy sweat cometh all over ’en, that I am fertain sure we could’nt have kept soul and body together much longer. Lord help me, I was in such a pitiful taking, for I am main badly afeard of ghosts’s; then there have been  
such



such strange scratchings and thumpings ;—  
bounce went the fire—out flew a long large  
coffin ! Then my master made such a  
shocking groaning, that I would'nt for  
oceans of gould have staid another moment  
in the place ; but now you be come, Sir,”  
dropping a low curtsy, “ no harm can  
happen, for the devil hiffelf can't touch any  
one in presence of your divine Reverency.”

So saying, she led the way to the apart-  
ment of Mr. Sandford, whom they found  
slowly recovering from a severe fit of the  
cramp in his stomach. As he was suffi-  
ciently restored, they forced him to drink  
plentifully of a cordial Mr. Godfrey had  
brought ; and after some time, that gentle-  
man ventured to question him in regard  
to the nature of his seizure. He suddenly  
caught hold of Wilson's hand, whispered  
something in his ear, rose suddenly from

his feat, attempted to leave the room, and again sunk lifeless on the ground.

“Would to God,” said Mr. Godfrey, with some degree of impatience, “we could have some advice! our exertions only produce a momentary relief, and I fear, greatly fear, the poor gentleman is in a bad way.”

At this moment the stranger began to revive; he muttered several incoherent words; gazed with great agitation on a newspaper which lay at his feet, (and which Mr. Wilson immediately secured); then looked earnestly in the faces of those around him, as if unconscious where he was, until Mr. Godfrey informed him that his servants, anxious for his safety, had required his assistance, and whenever he found him sufficiently recovered, he would again leave him to their care and attention.

As soon as Mr. Sandford was able to be moved, he was conveyed to bed, and a composing draught administered, which Mr. Godfrey hoped would prove efficacious in allaying the irritation of his mind; for that gentleman was convinced that his present disorder proceeded from that source alone, and thought it probable that if his faculties could be lulled into a temporary torpor, the bodily ailment would cease. Having witnessed the happy effects of his prescription, Mr. Godfrey went down stairs with Wilson, to partake of a small refreshment prepared for him. The good steward insisted on his staying the night, as he could accommodate him with a bed, which, as the weather was cold, Mr. Godfrey consented to.

In the morning Mr. Sandford was considerably better; and the Rector left him with a promise of repeating his visit, and received

many thanks in return from the invalid for an acquaintance commenced in so friendly and charitable a manner.

As soon as Mr. Sandford was able to leave the house, he called at the Rectory, and appeared greatly pleased with Mr. Godfrey's children. He questioned Emma, in a casual manner, respecting their family and connections, and enquired how long Mrs. Godfrey had been dead; yet he, at the same time, seemed inattentive to her answers, and immersed in gloomy retrospection, apparently unconscious of all surrounding objects. At length recovering himself, he said, that since the ice was broken, he hoped they should be good neighbours, and apologized for his frequent inattention and absence, by attributing it to his weak state of health; then, by a seeming effort, he entered into an apparently indifferent conversation,



versation, and having prolonged his stay beyond the usual length of a morning visit, departed.

Every succeeding day Mr. Godfrey discovered new virtues and graces in the mind of Sandford, who, on his part, grew closely attached to the family of the Rector; each regretted those days when the weather, or any other circumstance, prevented a meeting; and this intimacy gradually ripened into the most sincere and lasting friendship.

Mr. Wilson, who had left Woodhouse (the name of Sandford's abode) ever since the illness of his master, now returned; and Mr. Godfrey was surprised the following Sunday to observe his friend in deep mourning. In the course of conversation he informed him, that although the cause of his sequestration was partly done away,  
yet

yet as he was so comfortably settled, and had met with such pleasant society, he should still continue in his present situation.

Frederic Godfrey had now attained his eighteenth year, and his father was prevailed on by Sandford to send him to the University of Oxford, that gentleman promising to take care of his future promotion in whatever line of life he should hereafter chuse; and to prevent anxiety, on his son's account, from disturbing the peace of Mr. Godfrey, he insisted on depositing a sum of money in his hands, there to remain till he had an opportunity of fulfilling his promise.

Emma was one year older than her brother. Her person was formed with the exactest symmetry; her hair was of the lightest flaxen; her eyes of the most expressive blue; and there was so much sweetness  
in

in her countenance, every attitude seemed so perfectly graceful, that it was almost impossible to say at what particular period she appeared to the greatest advantage.

Not unseen, not unadmired, was this lovely flower. A gentleman of considerable fortune, in the neighbourhood, had long been her ardent lover, and had also long been in possession of her tenderest affection; yet as his father would not consent to their union, Emma had hitherto declined entering into any engagement. Mr. Godfrey would with pleasure have given his daughter to Mr. Edwin; but fortune he had not to bestow, and he scorned to court even the alliance of a Prince: nor could he undervalue his admirable Emma so much, as to wish her to enter into any family without the approbation of all parties.

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## CHAP. II.

“ Why ever Fortune wilt thou prove

“ An unrelenting foe to love,

“ Just when we find a mutual heart,

“ Step in between and—bid us part ?”

AS soon as Mr. Sandford understood the circumstances mentioned in the latter part of the foregoing chapter, he resolved to call on the father of Mr. Edwin, and endeavour to promote the union of the young lovers, if, after observation, he should find him worthy of his dear Emma, as he now called her. The pretence he made for his visit, was the purchase of some land contiguous to



to his estate, and which belonged to Mr. Edwin. That gentleman politely invited him to stay dinner. He found young Edwin a sensible, pleasant companion, yet he was evidently neither in health or spirits; and though his person was rather dignified than handsome, yet his appearance altogether was so prepossessing, that Sandford was much interested in his favour. When the ladies were withdrawn, he observed that young Edwin appeared in ill health.

“ Oh, George,” said the Squire, “ is in love with the smock-faced daughter of Godfrey, the parson ! ”

The young man coloured with indignation, and arose with an intention of leaving the apartment, when his father called after him, saying—

“ Come, George, none of your sulks; if the girl had any money, and I had not  
passed

passed my word with my friend Groves, I know not any one I should prefer to Emma; as it is, Mary Groves is the only girl you can have, and I am positively resolved you shall have her."

The young man, whose face had brightened at his father's unexpected praise of his beloved, with a look of disappointment now quitted the room.

"I am surprised, Mr. Edwin," said Sandford, "that a man of your understanding should fall into that common error of parents, who, in the endeavour to promote the happiness of their children, lose the remembrance of youthful affection, and fancy every blessing concentrated in the gifts of Fortune, and obstinately refuse every endeavour towards reconciling those jarring interests. Emma Godfrey is of an amiable disposition; she loves your son, and in all probability

probability will make you a more affectionate daughter than Miss Groves; and I have no doubt but at his death, Mr. Godfrey will be enabled to make a handsome provision for her."

"It is in vain," answered the old gentleman, "to interest yourself in this matter—I have already promised, and must abide by my word; and although I cannot compel George to marry Miss Groves, yet I will endeavour to prevent his forming an alliance with any other."

After a short time Sandford departed, vexed and disappointed at his ill success, and certain it would be in vain to expect an alteration of sentiment in Mr. Edwin, unless Miss Groves thought proper to dispose of herself in defiance of the commands of her father, which was rather improbable, as that  
young

young lady was supposed to be extremely partial to young Edwin.

The next morning Mr. Sandford called at the Parsonage, and finding no one in the parlour, was proceeding towards the garden, but suddenly turned back on perceiving Miss Godfrey and young Edwin in earnest conversation. From this circumstance he divined that something had occurred between the lover and his father, which he hoped might terminate the uneasiness of the former. He found Mr. Godfrey alone in his library reading, and entered into conversation with him, from which they were interrupted by those who at that time engrossed the thoughts of each. Emma looked depressed and unhappy, while Edwin's features exhibited at once the conflicting expression of love, disappointment, hope, and



and despair. On Mr. Sandford's motioning to leave the room, he said—

“ Favour us, my dear Sir, with your company ; perhaps a dispassionate person may be able to convince Mr. Godfrey and his daughter of the reasonableness of my present proposals ; perhaps you will plead for their consent to an union, on which my whole of future happiness depends. My father, it is true, objects, but not from any disrespect to Miss Godfrey or her family, but simply because he has promised to ally me to another. He expresses the warmest approbation of my beloved Emma, yet he is fettered by a promise which he considers inviolable ; and for the paltry consideration of wealth, would persuade his son to barter every generous, every manly feeling, by uniting him to one woman, when his whole heart is irrevocably fixed on another.

Nothing

Nothing but the marriage of Miss Groves would alter his determination, unless Mr. Godfrey will consent to my union with his daughter, and thereby put it out of his power to entertain any such expectations."

"My dear George," said Mr. Godfrey, "you know I should prefer an alliance with you to that of the greatest Noble in the land; because I should feel assured that such an union would secure my daughter's happiness—because I acknowledge your worth, and confidently rely on your virtue and honour; yet there are many objections to such an alliance. I have stated both sides of the question to my dear Emma, and her own judgment must decide. Attend not, my child," said he, turning to his daughter, "to the momentary dictates of a passion which may hereafter occasion to you lasting regret; weigh, deliberately weigh

weigh before you resolve ; but when once the decision is made, let not the violence of entreaty, or the urgency of importunity, induce you to swerve from your determination. I will now leave you, and Heaven prosper and inform the reason of my child, that whichever way she decides, she may ultimately secure her happiness."

"Stay, my dear father, stay," cried Emma ; "decide for me ; your daughter has no will but your's."

"Oh my heart's dear Emma, say not so!" exclaimed Edwin ; "you whom I once fondly thought my own, cast not off one, whose whole soul hangs in rapture on the remembrance of those days of felicity, which will perhaps return no more. But," with a voice of indignation, "your sentiments are perhaps changed," casting an angry look at Sandford ; "you are in possession

possession of other friends, whom you prefer to the unfortunate Edwin, whose happiness is no longer dear to you !”

“ Gracious God !” exclaimed Emma, sinking into a chair, “ how have I deserved this treatment ? You are yourself conscious, Mr. Edwin, how little from you I deserve to be censured for unkindness or neglect ; you have witnessed my concern, my anguish at a separation which I consider as unavoidable.”

“ And can you, Emma,” replied he, with a softened voice, “ can you deliberately consign me to misery and despair ? Can you quit me for the last time, without one assurance of regard to sooth my solitary hours, without one hope to brighten my gloomy prospects, without even a promise of remembering the affection we have so often vowed to each other ?”

Mr.



Mr. Godfrey now taking Sandford's arm, they left the apartment.

“ Mr. Edwin,” answered Emma, “ that affection was born in those days of youthful simplicity, when we were both unconscious of your father's disapprobation of it—when we were unsuspicious of any plans being formed incompetent to our wishes; those days are past, and you must banish them from your memory; you must forget the humble Emma, and endeavour to bring your mind to a compliance with the commands of your parent.”

“ Tell me not, my beloved Emma, I beseech you, bid me not to forget you, talk not of my uniting myself to another; you may reject me, cast me off, ruin my happiness, blight my health, stab my peace, but,” dropping on his knee, “ I here solemnly swear no power on earth shall

compel me to ally myself to Miss Groves; nor will I endeavour to banish from my bosom the beloved image of her who consigns me to misery!—Oh think! sole idol of my affections! think before you blast all the fair prospects of my youth, all those fairy scenes of bliss fancy has so often portrayed—before you chill every noble, every enterprising faculty of my soul—think, before it be too late, how you will bear to hear of my forlorn state, my hopeless anguish, my acute despair; far distant, the rigour of a foreign clime may complete my desolation, and to you I may return no more!”

Unable to compose herself, Emma, for some moments, in vain essayed to speak; at length, after much effort, she said—

“ I find it impossible to convince you, Mr. Edwin, and therefore, since I cannot  
act

act in defiance of my better judgment, it is time to put an end to this conversation; at the same time I assure you I bear no displeasure at your unjust reproaches, and that I wish you every happiness this world can afford, every felicity I think you so justly merit; and if Fate has decreed this to be our final separation, I beseech you to remember, that were it possible, I could with pleasure resign my life to promote the prosperity of your's; but we shall be re-united in that world, where sorrow shall be no more."

And then, without waiting for an answer, she hurried to her own apartment, and gave way to the anguish of her heart in a violent flood of tears. In vain she endeavoured to calm the agitation of her mind—in vain struggled to forget the recent scene. Fancy, ever ingenious to torment, brought to her remembrance all those images her flattering

pencil had heretofore drawn, painted in glowing colours the youthful affection of Edwin, retraced every hour of happiness experienced with him, pictured the time when each, unconscious of the regard of the other, had sought only to please, and when, unsuspecting of the nature of his regard, she had unblushingly confessed her friendship for him; it brought again to her mind's eye his rapture when, not doubting the approbation of his father, she consented to be his.—“Never,” cried she, clasping her hands together, “can I forget thy love, never lose the remembrance of those halcyon days which will return no more, never banish from my mind thy ardent, thy generous attachment. If the truest love, if the fondest affection can make thee any return—— But alas!” recollecting herself, “I shall see thee no more—no more hear the music of thy



thy voice—no more behold the tear of sympathy glisten in thine eye! Oh Edwin! my beloved Edwin! may every care vanish from thy bosom, and may Almighty Providence multiply its mercies on thy head!”

Finding it impossible to appear at dinner, Emma sent a message to her father, complaining of a head-ach, and endeavoured to recover composure enough to appear at the tea table; yet her recent interview with Edwin still recurred to her memory, and prevented her efforts from being successful. At last she resolved to banish reflection by taking a walk. On slipping on her hat and cloak, she stole softly out of the house, and pursued the nearest road to the sea-side: but even here, the cause of her disquiet was still present to her “mind’s eye.” On this very spot Edwin had first made known his passion to her.

“ Here then,” cried she, “ I solemnly repeat those vows I heretofore made ; here promise to be thine, and thine only ; here swear never to know a second love ; here lament thy absence, and here fervently pray for thy safe return !”

She leaned against a projecting point of the rock, her head on her hand, and her whole mind absorbed in melancholy retrospection, when the voice of Edwin made her start. She raised her eyes from the ground, and saw him stand before her, with his arms folded, in earnest observation of her countenance.

“ Emma,” said he, in a solemn tone, “ what avails your affection for me if it appears not in your actions ? What advantage can I derive from your expression of regard when I am far from you ? Life has no charms left for me ; I have lost  
every

every interest in this world ; for she, for whom only I wish to live, banishes me from her presence for ever ! Oh Emma ! how have I incurred your anger—how have I merited your displeasure ?”

“ Neither my anger nor displeasure have you incurred, Mr. Edwin,” returned she, holding out her hand in token of amity ; “ you will ever possess my highest esteem, my truest friendship, and I think I may venture to add, my fondest love.”

“ No, Emma,” cried he, refusing her offered hand, “ no, Miss Godfrey, I no longer possess your love ;—you no longer feel any regard for the unfortunate Edwin ; and since he cannot retain the place he once held in your heart, he scorns to be indebted to your pity !”

Unable to restrain her tears, Emma turned her face away from him, and would

have left him ; but perceiving her intention, he caught hold of her gown, exclaiming—

“ You shall not leave me thus—by Heavens you shall not; to the utmost verge of the earth will I pursue you—in defiance of the whole world will I claim you ;—friends, family, fortune, every thing will I forsake to obtain you ; nor shall you quit this place until you have given your promise to unite your fate to mine !”

“ I am not to be terrified, Mr. Edwin,” returned she, angrily, “ into a compliance with your proposals; and your present conduct is enough to deter any reasonable person from forming an alliance with you.”

Resentment now lent her strength to break from him, and return home. Edwin followed her at a distance, in the vain hope that her displeasure would give way to his seeming submission, and that she  
would



would not leave him thus in anger. He, however, saw her approach the gate of the Parsonage, and hurried forward to prevent her entrance ; but his intention was frustrated, as she quickened her pace, and soon joined her father and Sandford at the tea-table.

“ I am glad to see you better, my child,” said Mr. Godfrey, as she entered the apartment.

“ Much better, I thank you, my dear Sir,” returned she ; “ I have taken a walk, and the air has, I think, relieved me.”

The conversation took a general turn, and she endeavoured in employment to banish recollection. Mr. Godfrey recurred not to the subject of Edwin during the whole evening, and she was happy to avoid entering into the particulars of their late conversation. When she retired for the

c 5

night,

night, her father tenderly embraced and blessed her, saying, "In the morning my child will inform me of the resolution she has taken."

In the solitude of her own room, she sat down to review the events of the day past, but was unable to collect her thoughts sufficiently to come to any determination. Thousands and thousands of ideas floated in her brain; she could not exclude young Edwin one moment from her mind. Sometimes she condemned herself for the violence she had done her own, as well as his feelings, in urging their separation, and resolved to recal the harsh mandate. Then would she applaud her own conduct, and feel some degree of resentment at his unjust reproaches, and determine to banish him from her thoughts for ever. She opened the window of her  
apartment,

apartment, and unconsciously amused herself with looking at the shrubbery, which almost fronted her. The mildness of the breeze, and the universal stillness of nature, in some measure composed the agitation of her mind; and she mentally addressed herself for direction and assistance to that Being, "whose boundless hand scatters his bounty on the whole creation." The shadow of a man, reflected on her window, suddenly caught her attention, and she closed the casement on observing him immediately opposite her apartment. She determined to discover who this person was, and with what intention he thus concealed himself. The moon at this moment broke from behind a cloud, and discovered this midnight wanderer to be no other than young Edwin. She saw him with his arms folded, one hand raised to his head, in a musing attitude,

traverse the gravel walks two or three times ; then suddenly starting, he would strike his forehead, turn back, and again conceal himself in the thick foliage of the shrubbery. Irresolution now took possession of every faculty of her soul ;—at one moment she determined to open the window, and speak to him ; at another to venture into the garden, and expostulate with him on his extraordinary conduct. She feared disturbing her father, feared the observation of the domestics, yet feared, most of all, the effects of the night air on the constitution of Edwin. In this state of anxiety and suspense she found it impossible to remain ; she therefore arose, and opening the window, was going to call him by his name, when a small bit of paper on the grass attracted her attention. Her sleeping-room being on the ground-floor, she had an opportunity of reaching



reaching it, and found it contain the following sonnet, which, though with much difficulty, the light of the moon at length enabled her to read.

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## INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

With thy Lethean torch, thou balmy God, Oh come,

Bring thy repose to her, who causes my despair;

And with bright fairy visions banish every gloom,

Steal on each raptur'd sense, and lighten every care.

Let not one casual thought oppress her mind,

Of him, who, like the robber, thuns each human eye,

Who sadly mournful, to his hapless fate resign'd

In misery and despair heaves many a bitter sigh;

Who, fearless of the chilling wintry blast of night,

Faint lays in bitter anguish on the dewy turf,

Despairing feels no cold, or wintry blight,

Unconscious how the hours, in solemn stillness pass;

Whose beating, aching head no med'cine can restore,

But she, the cruel maid, whom he must see no more!

---

After the perusal of this paper, Emma's resolution was fixed; and she awaited an opportunity

opportunity of speaking to its author. For some time her endeavours were fruitless ; no trace of him appeared, and she began to hope he had returned home, when she again saw him emerge from the most gloomy part of the shrubbery.

“ My dear George !” said she.

At the sound of her voice he started, and approached the window ; yet again retreated, as if fearful of being mistaken.

“ Mr. Edwin,” said she, in gentle accents, “ how can you remain so long in the night air ?”

“ Oh Emma !” cried he, “ the night air cannot hurt me—it does me good, it will cool the fever of my brain ;—yet do not you expose yourself to it ; you are not yet driven to despair—you are not quite wretched !”

“ My dear George !” replied she, taking his hand, “ be composed, and return home.

home. I am certain you are very unfit to be here at this late hour ; your hand is very hot."

" So is my head, Emma," returned he ; " and my heart, how it beats ! Oh my God !" deeply sighing, " how it throbs ! "

" How can you talk in this manner, Mr. Edwin ? " said she.

" Talk ! " repeated he ; " talk ! Oh Emma, you know not the sensations which agitate my bosom ; you know not my feelings—no, it is impossible you should know the anguish of my heart ! "

" My dear George," answered she, " I feel for the situation of your mind more than you can imagine ; I would do every thing I possibly could to make you happy ; I would consent to any sacrifice but a dereliction from principle."

" I would

“ I would ask you, Emma,” replied he, “ what principle you can possibly act in defiance of, in your union with me? Your father leaves you entirely at your own disposal; and for my own part, the laws both of reason and this land, allow me competent to act for myself. I am absolutely determined never to marry Miss Groves; and the sooner I prevent any such expectation on their part, the better. My father tenderly loves me, and I have no doubt would soon be reconciled to that which it would not be in his power to prevent. Oh my beloved Emma! consent to my happiness, and before I quit this country, convince me that your affection is sincere. I am ordered to join my regiment in a few days at Plymouth, as it is expected to embark for the Continent; and will you send me to the battle thus unblest? Will you drive me from you without the



the consolation of knowing you are mine for ever? The remembrance that you are interested in my happiness, would animate my breast in the hour of danger; the recollection of your tenderness would cheer my loneliest hours, and conduce towards my felicity, even at the moment of separation!"

"I know not what to say," said Emma, holding out her hand to him. "I fear this step may hereafter cause you to think lightly of me; but on one condition I am your's. On the day of our union you must leave me, Mr. Edwin, to prevent discovery, and immediately join your regiment."

"The condition is rather hard, Emma," said he; "but I take you on your own terms. I will call on Mr. Godfrey early in the morning. A thousand, thousand thanks, my love, for this condescension! I hope my sweet Emma will never have  
cause

cause to repent the promise she has this night made."

So saying, he pressed her hand to his lips in speechless rapture, and again fervently blessing her, hurried from the spot, and was out of sight in a moment.

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### CHAP. III.

“ But look, the morn, in ruffet mantle clad,

“ Walks o’er the dew of yon high eastern hill.”

AFTER the departure of Edwin, Emma in vain endeavoured to seek repose. She could not help reflecting on the promise so recently made; and though she did not approve of being united to Edwin in a clandestine manner, yet she could not but think they were fully acquitted from any breach of duty to the father of Mr. Edwin; and though her pride experienced some degree of mortification at his refusing her alliance,

alliance, it was a sensation she condemned herself for feeling. She reflected that perfect happiness was not the lot of mortality, and that in all probability, the marriage of Miss Groves would, before the period of the return of Edwin to his native country, leave him at liberty, with his father's approbation, to make another choice.

Morning, at length, broke in upon her contemplations, and hastened her to bed, where every care soon gave way to repose, and her hopes and fears were equally lost in temporary forgetfulness. Excess of joy prevented Edwin from experiencing the same oblivion; and as soon as Emma awoke in the morning, she heard the sound of his voice, in earnest conversation, in the breakfast parlour. She knew not how to acquire sufficient courage to join them; her whole frame trembled with agitation; a thousand  
alarms



alarming sensations took possession of her mind ; she feared her father's censure, feared his scrutinizing eye, yet feared, more than all, encountering the ardent glance of Edwin. Twice she approached the door of the apartment, and twice retreated, irresolute and abashed. At length she determined to wait till summoned to breakfast. Mr. Godfrey himself, in a short time, came to require her attendance. When he had enquired after her health, he said—

“ I will not distress you, my darling, by asking any particulars ; Mr. Edwin has fully informed me on the subject ; I hope the Almighty will sanctify your union, and render you a blessing to each other.”

As he spoke these words, he opened the door, and presented his blushing daughter to the delighted Edwin. After the repast was over, Mr. Godfrey left the young couple together,

together, as if by accident, when having proposed a walk, Edwin led her, by a circuitous path, towards the church yard; they entered it, and found the door of the church unclosed, which, on perceiving, they proceeded to penetrate further. But who can describe the astonishment of Emma on discovering her father and Sandford standing at the side of the altar!

“ Oh Mr. Edwin!” cried she, endeavouring to withdraw her arm from his, “ who could have thought you would have thus deceived me! I cannot, indeed I cannot.”

Articulation failed her; yet she still attempted to retire.

“ I must, indeed I must return.”

Her father now stopped her progress.

“ Emma,” said he, “ my beloved child, endeavour to recollect yourself; compose your agitation, and let not a childish folly interrupt

interrupt the sacred ceremony we are here met to solemnize."

"Oh my father!" cried she, "it is so totally unexpected; I am so entirely unprepared; my—my mind is in such a state of emotion, of tumult, I must, indeed I must return home."

"If you have any dislike to Mr. Edwin," said Sandford, smiling, "if you know any cause why these two parties should not be joined together, speak now, or for ever hereafter be silent; but if you intend to unite yourself to him, may it not as well take place to-day as to-morrow?"

Emma made him no answer, but giving her hand to Edwin, he led her towards the altar, and Mr. Godfrey began the ceremony. During the whole time of its performance, the agitation of Sandford was so visible as to attract even the attention of

Emma.

Emma. At one time he leaned on the railing for support, his lips quivered, his whole frame shook; "big tears coursed one another down his manly cheek." He took out his handkerchief, wiped the cold dew of agony from his forehead, cast a supplicating look towards heaven, and having vainly endeavoured at composure, he rested his head on his hand, and sobbed aloud.

When the ceremony was concluded, Mr. Godfrey tenderly embraced his daughter and son, and fervently blessing them, said—

"May the Almighty shower down his choicest blessings on you both! and Oh Mr. Edwin! be careful of the treasure this day committed to your care!"

"May the eternal Providence forsake me," cried Edwin, with energy, "if I do not watch over the happiness of your Emma  
with



with more than parental tenderness, if I do not shield her from every sorrow unbounded affection can guard her from ! Oh my beloved girl ! the hour of separation is then arrived, and we must part ; forget me not, my sweet girl, forget not my ardent love, my fervent adoration."

He pressed her almost lifeless form to his bosom, repeated his farewells and his blessings three or four times, returned to take one last look at the idol of his soul, shook hands again and again with Mr. Godfrey and Sandford, and at length tore himself away.

It was some time before Emma was sufficiently composed to return home ; the past recurred to her mind almost as a vision, or as a dream of felicity which she feared to awake from ; she could scarcely persuade herself that she was indeed the wife of

Edwin, and that he had left her a widowed wife, to mourn his absence. Mr. Godfrey and Sandford strove to divert and amuse her, and gratitude for their kindness forced her to assume a cheerfulness foreign to her heart.

The following day was spent at Sandford's, in compliment to a female friend, who at this time had favoured him with a visit.

Mrs. Dixon was a woman of very engaging manners; her person had every remains of that beauty she had once eminently possessed; though age had cropped the rose from her cheeks, it had not dimmed the lustre of her eye, or blunted the keen edge of that wit, which made most of her acquaintance tremble whenever she opened her mouth. The vivacity of her mind made her view every circumstance on the bright side; and though she had met with  
her

her share of misfortune, yet she was content to take life's thorns as well as its roses ; and while she enjoyed the fragrance of the one, she did not repine when she was occasionally a sufferer by the other. After mutual congratulations on her safe arrival, and after her introduction to Mr. Godfrey and his daughter, the conversation for some time continued on indifferent subjects, when Mrs. Dixon suddenly exclaimed—

“ Oh my dear friend, how much you are altered since first I had the pleasure of meeting you at Dublin Castle. I think,” addressing herself to Mr. Godfrey, “ no one would take my friend to be an Irishman ; he has none of his country's brogue.”

“ Pray,” returned Mr. Godfrey, “ from what part of Ireland do you come ?”

“ I was born six miles from Dublin,” replied Sandford.

“ Did you know any-thing of a family of the name of Fitzmorris ?”

The colour mounted into the face of Mr. Sandford at this question ; his whole frame trembled ; he drew his hand negligently across his face to conceal his emotion, while he replied in the affirmative.

“ Mr. Sandford was well acquainted with that family,” said Mrs. Dixon, endeavouring to help out her friend. “ Did you know any of them ?”

“ My wife,” returned Mr. Godfrey, “ was a Fitzmorris.”

Sandford now raised his eyes from the ground, on which they had been fixed from the beginning of this conversation, and looking earnestly in the face of Mr. Godfrey, demanded her name.

“ Her name,” said Mr. Godfrey, “ was Emma Fitzmorris.”

“ Oh



“ Oh God !” cried Sandford, clasping his hands together, “ my sister, my dear sister ! And were you, Mr. Godfrey, the person represented to me as an indigent English adventurer ? Can it be possible that I at last find relatives so dear ? Can it be possible we have so long remained in ignorance of each other—so long dwelt together, unconscious that any tie united us but friendship ? Yet my heart acknowledged our affinity ; I felt the warmth of parental affection for the children of my beloved Emma.”

“ My friend,” replied Mr. Godfrey, “ I am happy that at last we have discovered the nearness of our connection ; yet,” added he, in a reproachful tone, “ how can you account for a neglect of twenty years ? Twenty years have elapsed, and this dear sister has been consigned to oblivion ! no enquiry ever made, no kind memorial of

remembrance ever reached her anxious heart. Often has the tear of sisterly affection rolled down her emaciated face when she has lamented that in this world she should behold you no more.—‘ My lamp of life is almost extinguished, my dear Frederic,’ would she say ; ‘ the days of my life are nearly numbered ; a short time, a very short time, and your Emma will be no more ; yet there is one thing retards her progress, one thing only distresses her mind—the brother, for whom she has ever felt the sincerest, the most unbounded affection, remembers not the hours of youthful confidence, he remembers not those days of infancy and innocence when, unconscious of misfortune, we formed the whole world to each other. I am convinced that we shall here meet no more ; I have seen my Fitzmorris for the last time !’

“ I think,”

“ I think,” said Mr. Sandford, wiping his eyes, “ I can explain every thing to your satisfaction ; but as my story is very long, I will, with your permission, defer making you acquainted with it till another opportunity, and will entreat you to relate your own adventures after your first acquaintance with my sister.”

“ My story,” said Mr. Godfrey, “ is very short. Our attachment commenced immediately after your departure for the Indies. On my first applying to Mr. Fitzmorris to sanction your sister’s choice, he appeared not unwilling to consent to our union ; but at our next interview, your sister informed me that her stepmother had persuaded him to withdraw his half-given consent, and that he had commanded her to see me no more ; at the same time she said, Mrs. Fitzmorris did every thing in her

power to render her situation uncomfortable, in the hope, as she supposed, of inducing her to change it without the concurrence of her father. I besought your sister to emancipate herself at once from this state of thralldom; but she would not listen to my proposals. A short time, however, induced her to change her opinion, and put me in possession of happiness above the common lot of mortals. It would take me all night, were I to relate every instance of Mrs. Fitzmorriss's tyranny over my beloved Emma; one will suffice to shew her malevolent and envious disposition. A large party were invited to your father's house, and your sister had provided an elegant dress for the occasion;—Mrs. Fitzmorriss persuaded her husband that it was intended for our espousals, and obtained his permission to compel the gentle Emma to resign it: accordingly



accordingly she entered her apartment, and demanded the robe. Emma appeared unwilling to comply; but she called her woman, who assisted her in forcibly taking the keys of her wardrobe from your sister. Having ransacked it completely, she took every thing of value from it, and from thence proceeded to a small cabinet, in which Emma deposited her letters; she took the one which lay uppermost, and began to read its contents aloud. My beloved Emma, now hurt beyond all endurance, suddenly sprang up, and consigned all that remained to the flames. Mrs. Fitzmorris proceeded, and read as follows, making her remarks as she went on:—

“My dear Frederic;” mighty pretty indeed for a sentimental lady!—“My ever dear Frederic;” very loving upon my word; let us see what the delicate Miss writes next.

“ My suspicions, in regard to my father, are all, alas ! but too true.”—Very well, Madam ; your suspicions of your father ! Mr. Fitzmorris shall know your suspicions of him ; he shall know what a sweet dutiful daughter he has.—“ He has brought home that compound of affectation and folly, Miss Fielding, to preside in the place of my honoured mother !”

“ Who can describe the rage which now took possession of Mrs. Fitzmorris ? She tore the letter in a thousand pieces ; she flew upon your sister, and absolutely beat her. My Emma exerted all her patience, and with a mortifying composure, attended the evening party of her tormenter ; but conceive her astonishment, when, on entering the drawing-room, she beheld Mrs. Fitzmorris in the dress she had so recently purchased, and taken such pains

pains to ornament. This, however, gave her no uneasiness; she was above the little pride of dress, and she endeavoured, by her *nonchalance* on the occasion, to convince Mrs. Fitzmorris of her superiority. In the course of the evening some of the company asked Emma to sing. Every accomplishment she possessed, was a source of envy to her persecutor; and though gratified to hear her decline singing, she resolved to oblige her to sing, as she perceived it was repugnant to her inclination. ‘Miss Fitzmorris,’ said she, ‘dismiss this prudery, and sing when you are desired; it is very unbecoming in you to give yourself these airs; come,’ willing to confuse her, ‘sing that pretty little English air, “Though prudence may press me.” It is very applicable to your present lovelorn, romantic notions.’

‘ I am not so good a judge of the suitable as you are, undoubtedly, Madam,’ returned Emma, ‘ or I should have been convinced that the little vanity of dress was more suitable to middle-aged people, than to girls; and that though you,’ speaking sarcastically, ‘ are entirely free from it, women in general, at your time of life, are not.’

“ So saying, she approached the harpsichord, and sung and played the admirable little Scotch air of ‘ Think no more, lassie, though I gang awa.’ Several of the gentlemen present were loud in their plaudits, and wished much for a repetition of the song, which she declined.

‘ I think,’ said Mr. Hammond, an admirer of your sister, ‘ I never heard a sweeter song; the words are simple and interesting; I think as the notes ——’



‘ And they had the advantage of being sung in a very pathetic manner,’ said Mrs. Fitzmorris ; ‘ Miss Fitzmorris has a great turn for the pathetic.’

“ My Emma made no reply, and the evening passed off on the whole, better than, from the morning fracas, she could have expected.—Repeated insults and continual bickerings injured both the health and spirits of Emma more than you can imagine. Mrs. Fitzmorris thwarted her in every thing ; if she went out, she was always attended by her perverse mother-in-law ; if she staid at home, she was debarred any society, and she frequently had not permission to make a choice. Not without many struggles did she at length determine to emancipate herself from the controul of so despicable a character ; and one evening surprised me by her entrance, as I sat alone  
at

at my lodgings.—‘ Good Heavens !’ said I, rising to receive her, ‘ to what am I indebted for this agreeable visit ? Does Mr. Fitzmorris at last relent ?’

‘ Mr. Godfrey,’ returned she, ‘ my father, or I should say my mother, continues in his resolution ; but,’ added she, hesitating, ‘ but I am come——’

‘ What !’ cried I, interrupting her, ‘ what is my Emma come to say to her adoring Godfrey ? Is she come to bless him with the news that her resolution is altered ? Is she come to say that she will be his for ever ?’

‘ Mr. Godfrey,’ said she, ‘ circumstances have induced me to throw myself on your protection : independent of the little property I now possess, I have nothing to expect. Mrs. Fitzmorris will prevent my father’s relenting in our favour. I have  
nothing

nothing to bestow on you but a sincere and ingenuous mind, and the whole affection of a heart as yet uncorrupted, I hope, by the follies of fashion, and the scenes of dissipation in which I have lived.'

'My Emma,' cried I, 'from this moment you are mine, mine for ever; nothing on earth shall again separate us. I will lodge you for this night in the house of a friend, and to-morrow's sun shall witness our bridal felicity!'

'No, George,' returned she, 'I shall spend this night, perhaps the last I ever shall, in the mansion of my forefathers, and to-morrow I will be your's in the face of the whole world.'

'But,' replied I, 'may not Mr. Fitzmorris, will not your cruel stepmother discover your intention, and separate us for ever?'

'Believe

‘ Believe me,’ answered she, ‘ Mrs. Fitzmorris has no wish to divide us ; she only wishes to prevent my father from sanctioning my choice ; her only aim is to secure to herself the fortune my father would probably bestow on me if I married with his approbation.’

“ It was now settled between us that I should, immediately after the performance of the marriage ceremony, return and claim my bride, in the face of her family ; and if Mr. Fitzmorris refused to be reconciled, that we should immediately embark for England, and settle ourselves for life in my living, this living which I now hold. The morning I so ardently waited for, at length arrived ; and my beloved met me at the door of the church of St. Patrick, accompanied by a female servant, and put me in possession of unchastened happiness. But,  
alas !



alas ! it was only a faint gleam of sunshine, which soon faded, and rendered the succeeding gloom more appalling. I believe I might truly say with a great poet, that

“ Heart met heart, reciprocally soft,

“ Each other’s pillow to divine repose.”

“ On our arrival at your father’s, Emma led me to his apartment, and falling on her knees, besought his blessing. The big tear swelled in the eyes of the venerable man when he lifted up his hands to Heaven, and fervently prayed for our happiness and uninterrupted prosperity. Mrs. Fitzmorris entered the room. He held up his hand in token of silence, and then addressed her—

‘ My love, our Emma has stolen a march upon us at last ; she has brought us home a son.’

‘ I hope,

‘ I hope, Mr. Fitzmorris,’ returned the lady, ‘ you do not mean to encourage her undutifulness; she was, we all know, in a great hurry to be married.’—Then turning to my Emma, ‘ I wish you all possible happiness, Madam, in the situation you have chosen; we shall see some difference, I fear, in the helpmate of a country parson and the daughter of the Honourable Mr. Fitzmorris. I hope you will do nothing for them, my love,’ continued she, addressing her husband in a soothing tone; ‘ I hope you have more sense than to be wheedled by any of their hypocritical cant.’

‘ My Emma, Madam,’ said I, ‘ seeks not the blessing of her father for the sake of his property; no, I thank God, she will have sufficient to purchase all the necessaries of life, some of its elegancies, and something to spare for the relief of indigent merit.

merit. Mr. Fitzmorris is so good as to invite us to spend this day with him, and I beseech you to let us spend it in harmony ; on the morrow we embark in the packet for England.'

" The countenance of Mrs. Fitzmorris brightened at the conclusion of this speech, and a sort of malignant joy overspread her face. She did every thing in her power to render the short time we spent together comfortable ; yet, as she never left us a moment alone with Mr. Fitzmorris, it was evident she feared his affection for his daughter might return, and shew itself, notwithstanding the awe which her tyrannic spirit inspired him with. On our departure from Dublin, Mr. Fitzmorris presented my wife with a small casket, containing one hundred pounds and her mother's jewels ; and pressing her tenderly to his bosom, he  
embraced

embraced her for the last time, for we neither of us ever saw him after.

“ We were soon settled at the house in which I still reside, and no married pair ever experienced greater felicity than we did during the short time my dear Emma tarried here. On the birth of my girl, our happiness, if possible, increased; the babe formed a more tender tie between us. My wife soon after presented me with my dear Frederic, but unfortunately took cold after her confinement, and never more recovered her health;—almost constantly lain up in the rheumatism, she, in a short time, lost both her appetite and her strength; a decline came on rapidly, and—and she left me a solitary mourner in this world of woe! A short time before her death, she called me to her bed-side, and after earnestly recommending her children to my care, besought



besought me, as soon as I conveniently could, to go to Ireland, and see her father, and make all possible enquiries after her brother, and bespeak his pity for her motherless babes ; ‘ for, Oh my dear Godfrey !’ cried she, ‘ if any unforeseen event should deprive them of their remaining parent, where shall the helpless innocents seek protection and consolation ? My brother, my generous brother would be a father to them ; he would watch over their youth, would carefully guard them from error, and shield them from the wickedness and vices of a world, in which they will be inexperienced. Oh my beloved Frederic ! the bitterness of death is the separation from one’s family and friends. Bodily pain, in some degree, weans us from this life, and the inevitable solitude of a sick chamber fixes our thoughts on the mercy of that  
Providence,

Providence, who wisely ordains that as this world vanishes, a brighter rises to our view, where sorrow, and pain, and anguish shall be no more. Death can be only dreadful to the bad—to innocence 'tis like a bugbear dressed to frighten children;—pull off the mask, and he will appear a friend.'

"Not many days did my dear Emma remain here after this conversation; by slow degrees her strength wasted; her lamp of life did indeed flutter, but soon it set, in this world never to rise again. But she will rise, my friends," cried he, wiping his eyes, "in a brighter region beyond the grave; that is our consolation. We shall go to her, but she shall not return to us."

Emotion stopped his utterance, and he paused a few moments to recover breath, and then proceeded as follows:—

"I embarked

“ I embarked for Ireland the following spring, to visit the father of my departed faint ; and having landed in safety on the quay of Dublin, I proceeded to the house of Mr. Fitzmorris, meditating in what manner to break to him the loss we had mutually sustained. Who can speak my feelings when I perceived the approach to the house barred by a funeral procession ! I had a confused presentiment of something unpleasant ; yet as my mind did not at once comprehend the truth, I proceeded to enter, but was prevented by a domestic informing me that Mrs. Fitzmorris saw no company.

‘ Where is Mr. Fitzmorris ? ’ said I.

‘ My master has been dead almost a week,’ replied he.

“ This sudden shock, added to fatigue, and my own recent loss, deprived me of sense and self-possession, and I sunk speechless

less on the ground. The servant conveyed me into an apartment, and when I recovered, I sent up my name to Mrs. Fitzmorris; her answer was, that she was wholly unacquainted with any person of my name.

‘But,’ said honest Teague, ‘arraah by Jasus, my honey, we all know you are Mr. Fitzmorris’s own son, that married his daughter. Oh, we have had a bad time of it since my master brought home a new Lady; Oh, she was as unlike the last as chalk is to cheese. The poor gentleman was very uneasy at last, and pined sadly after his children.’

‘Where is your young master now, Sandy?’ said I.

‘I know not, but perhaps Rachel, my Lady’s woman, may tell you.’

“Rachel, however, was as ignorant of your residence as Sandy, and Mrs. Fitzmorris  
baffled



baffled every attempt I made towards an interview with her. I immediately returned to this place, and my life has, since that period, passed without much variation. My children are, I bless God, my greatest happiness, and I hope I am tolerably beloved by my parishioners."

Mr. Godfrey here concluded his narrative, and departed with his daughter, when the household of Sandford retired to rest. On Mr. Godfrey's return home, he found his family increased by the arrival of Frederic, who had come to spend the winter vacation in Cornwall. After mutual enquiries, Mr. Godfrey briefly informed his son of the discovery which had that day been made, of Sandford's consanguinity to him. Various recapitulations kept them up until a late hour, and they at last retired to meditate on Sandford, and to anticipate the history

which he had promised to relate on the morrow.

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#### CHAP. IV.

- “ Domestic happiness, thou only bliss  
“ Of Paradise that has surviv’d the fall !  
“ Tho’ few now taste thee unimpair’d and pure—  
“ Or, tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm  
“ Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets  
“ Unmix’d with drops of bitter.”

THE morning no sooner dawned, than Mr. Godfrey and his children hastened to Wood House; and when the morning repast was ended, Mr. Sandford, (or Fitzmorris, as we shall now call him) thus began :—

“ My father possessed an estate of five thousand a year in the vicinity of Dublin,

My

My mother was the daughter of an English gentleman of good family, but small fortune. It was the fate of my sister and myself to lose her when we were quite young; she fell a victim to a fever, which raged with great violence in the neighbourhood, and which she caught in a charitable visit to the sick wife of one of our domestics. Though almost an infant at the time, I can well remember the deep sorrow of my father, the general grief of the family, and the lamentations of the poor belonging to the adjacent hamlets. My dear Emma had sufficient discernment to see the great, the irreparable loss we had sustained. She watched over my health with the most unbounded assiduity; in my attendance on my masters she was my companion—in my hours of recreation, my playfellow. She was five years older than myself, and by her

kindness and attention, she in a great measure supplied to me a mother's care; and I firmly believe we were never more than a day asunder, until the hour was fixed for my departure for Jamaica. When I had attained my twentieth year, my father informed me that he had procured for me an advantageous situation in the West-Indies, and that I must prepare myself to sail with the next fleet which entered the Cove of Cork. I wondered at the time how he, who had ever till then been an indulgent parent, and who possessed an ample fortune, could thus wish to part with his only son; but that ardent desire for novelty, which is general in youth, prevented my offering any plea to induce him to alter his intention, and in less than two months every thing was ready for my departure. Never can I forget the agony  
my



my beloved Emma fell into when she was informed that I should sail the next tide. She fell at the feet of my father, and entreated him to spare us this unnecessary, this unnatural separation.

‘Why, my dear father,’ cried she, ‘should my beloved Fitzmorris leave us? Fortune he cannot want, and the West-Indies is not a place to improve his manners or his morals. Why should our darling, and the last surviving heir of an ancient family be driven to a climate which may ruin his health, and render him unfit to enjoy the blessings Providence has bestowed on him?’

“My father was deaf to her remonstrances, and I was doomed to behold her no more. I left her. Unable to witness my departure, she retired to her own apartment. My father saw me in safety on board, and

after a pleasant voyage, I found myself comfortably settled in Kingston. I am led to suppose, from subsequent events, that Mrs. Fitzmorris instigated my father to send me from him, as the first and only letter I received from my beloved sister, contained the following words :—‘ I have very disagreeable intelligence to communicate to you. My father has never spent one entire day with me since your departure, which greatly surprised me ; but yesterday the reason came out, not at all to my satisfaction I can assure you. As I was sitting alone in the little dressing-room, formerly appropriated to my mother, he entered the apartment, and in a hesitating manner informed me he intended changing his condition. I looked at him in speechless astonishment ; words were for some moments denied me.

‘ Emma,

‘Emma,’ said he, ‘you do not appear to rejoice in my prospect of felicity; but it will be advantageous to you to have a pleasant companion, and I will assure you it shall be no detriment to your interest.’

‘My dear Sir,’ replied I, ‘whatever will constitute your happiness, cannot fail of giving me pleasure; but pray who is the object of your regard? She must be indeed amiable, to supply the place of my revered mother.’

‘The lady,’ said he, ‘is Miss Fielding.’

‘Miss Fielding!’ returned I; ‘I am unacquainted with any one of that name;’ nor did it ever enter the imagination of your sister, that he could possibly degrade his family by marrying Miss Fielding, of the Dublin Theatre.—‘It is not, it cannot be the actress,’ returned I, observing his confusion,

confusion, the whole truth flashing on my mind at once; 'it is impossible you can mean her!'

'Why not, my child?' replied he; 'the profession is not disgraceful, and as to the reports you have heard concerning her, they are entirely without foundation; she is, you will find, as different from the character represented, as it is possible for any one to be.'

'The conversation here ended, and my father ordered those apartments, formerly occupied by my mother, to be prepared for his new Lady. A splendid assembly were invited to celebrate the nuptials, and I believe your poor Emma's was the only aching heart. Sorrow will now become an inmate in her bosom. Mrs. Fitzmorris is in every respect totally unlike my dear mother,



mother, and your sister fears for the future happiness of her remaining parent.'——

“The letter was a sort of journal of things as they occurred, and towards the conclusion she informed me that Mrs. Fitzmorris was the Madam Governante of the family, and that her father was reduced to a mere cipher in his own house. She concluded with many affectionate wishes for my welfare, and hopes of my speedy return; but my situation unfortunately precluded their success. I had, during my passage to the West-Indies, been in habits of intimacy with a gentleman of the name of Marchmont, who, on my arrival, took me to his country house, and introduced me to his family, which consisted of two daughters. Miss Marchmont was a lively brunette, but Caroline was beautiful almost beyond expression. The turn of her features was Grecian, her

E 5                      complexion.

complexion white as alabaster, and her eyes blue ; her brown hair descended in ringlets to the bottom of her waist ; her figure was moulded by the hand of Elegance ; and the blush of innocence was imprinted on her countenance, which had generally a cast of melancholy, and at times amounted to dejection ; and not unfrequently have I seen a cloud gather on her brow in the midst of the most brilliant and festive entertainment. My heart, which had hitherto been a stranger to the shafts of love, was soon taken captive by this interesting girl. For a long time I pursued her in vain ; her heart refused to melt in kindred warmth, and I became a prey to the bitterness of a hopeless attachment. Miss Marchmont was now married to a gentleman of the name of Egerton, to whom she had been long engaged, and was settled at some distance from  
her

her father. Mr. Marchmont was urgent with my Caroline in my behalf, and she began to hear me with greater complacency. Every day more closely rivetted my chains; and I was unable to contain my rapture when I obtained her promise to be mine. We were in a short time united, and for four years experienced uninterrupted felicity; my passion rather increased than diminished by the possession of my beloved—she was every thing the fondest heart could wish; and though she never experienced those violent transports which at times rendered me almost frantic, yet her constant attention to my wishes, her never-failing suavity of manners, procured me that felicity which a more impassioned temper might have disturbed. I thought nothing an inconvenience that could procure her pleasure; I spared no expence for her

E 6                    gratification;

gratification; in short, my whole life was devoted to her, for without her, how valueless is my existence—without her, the miles of prosperity are friendless! Oh my friends, this world is a desert to me; I am an isolated, unhappy being, a solitary atom in the grand scale of human life!

“About this time Mrs. Egerton, the sister of my Caroline, died; and this, combined with the melancholy account I received from Ireland, gave the first stab to our peace. I was informed that my sister had eloped with an English adventurer, that no one knew to what part of the world they had retired, and that my father was in an ill state of health, and would in all probability be no more before the account of his illness reached me. By the next fleet I received intelligence of his and my sister's death also.—Mr. Egerton came



frequently to my house—indeed I may say he almost lived with us. One day, in the course of conversation, he noticed to me that my wife had of late appeared absorbed in a melancholy almost amounting to gloominess. She secluded herself as much as possible from all society; and whenever she joined in the diversions and amusements we promoted to entertain her, she seemed to ‘smile in such a sort, as if she mocked herself.’

‘My dear Caroline,’ said I to her, ‘you have not recovered the loss we have all sustained; perhaps change of air and different objects might prove beneficial to your health, and dissipate the sadness which has taken possession of your soul. Were we to return to Ireland, you might lose the remembrance of your affliction, and again gladden with your smiles the heart of your  
adoring

adoring Fitzmorris. My Caroline, could I but again see you happy, could I once more behold you delight in the smiles of our little ones, my heart would repose amidst every other trouble.'

'My dear Fitzmorris,' returned she, 'I acknowledge my seeming ingratitude for your kind attention; believe me, my heart feels, and remembers every instance of your goodness, and I would, were it in my power, be every thing you wish me: but,' and she hesitated as she spoke, 'the maladies of the body must in some degree affect the mind; I think change of air might do me good.'

"It was immediately settled that she should leave Jamaica as soon as the fleet was ready, and take all our family with her; and that as soon as I could settle my affairs, and give up my employment, I should join  
her

her at my estate of Morris Town, where she should prepare every thing for my reception. On my mentioning these circumstances to Mr. Egerton, he proposed, if it would give me satisfaction, to escort my wife in safety to Ireland. I readily acceded to his proposal, and returned him many thanks, delighted that my Caroline would have so friendly a protector.—Oh,” cried Fitzmorris, clasping his hands together, “ Oh that thou hadst remained with me ! Fatal was the day of our separation ! fatal the protector to which I consigned thee ! and doubly fatal the hour when thou didst leave the arms of thy Fitzmorris for ever ! Oh Caroline, Caroline ! the irrevocable sentence was passed, and our re-union in this world for ever forbid !

“ On my mentioning to my wife that Mr. Egerton would accompany her to the  
manfion

manſion of my forefathers, ſhe appeared diſſatisfied. I enquired if ſhe had any objection, and ſhe replied, ‘No, certainly ; but I ſee no occaſion for any attendance but that of my domeſtics.’

“On the whole day before her departure, ſhe was more than uſually depressed. When we parted, ſhe repeatedly preſſed my hand to her lips, ſaying, ‘My dear Fitzmorris, you know not how grateful I am for your kindneſs to me.’

‘My Caroline,’ replied I, ‘convince me you value my happineſs by taking care of your health.’

“Tears ſtreamed down her cheeks in torrents as I preſſed her with ardour to my boſom, and ſhe ſaid—

‘I hope we ſhall not be long without you ; my days will wear a ſombre ſhade until your arrival.’

“I replied,



“ I replied, ‘ I depend on Egerton to keep up your spirits.’

‘ It will be wholly out of his power,’ returned she; ‘ he cannot contribute to my peace.’

“ All the passengers had now embarked but my children and Caroline. I saw them all in safety on board the vessel, and watched them until they were no longer discernible, and the ship appeared like a small spot in the horizon, and then returned to my habitation disconsolate and forlorn. My house was become a dreary solitude, from which the light of the sun seemed excluded. Those dear ties, from which I had so recently separated, occupied all my thoughts, and the whole world beside was a blank. I received a letter from my wife as soon as she arrived in Ireland, entreating me to hasten the settling of my affairs, and to join  
her

her as soon as possible. My house, she told me, was in excellent order, my children in good health, and nothing wanting but my presence to complete her felicity. One part of the letter contained the following words :—‘ Mr. Egerton spends more of his time than I could wish at Morris Town; but I know not how to hint that his departure would be acceptable, as his kind attention to me deserves some little return; yet, my dear Fitzmorris, I wish he were not so constantly my guest.’

“ I settled my concerns as soon as possible, and embarked with the residue of my property for my native country, and landed, after a pleasant voyage, with my heart elated at the prospect of soon beholding objects so deservedly dear to me. My impatience was so great, I left all my baggage and attendants behind me in Dublin,  
and

and hiring a post-chaise, I hastened to clasp the dear relatives to my heart, from whom I had been separated six months.—Dreadful was my disappointment, dreadful the anguish that took possession of my soul!—I thought the horses proceeded slowly, I almost imagined I could leap from my carriage, and fly to the destined spot;—my whole soul was in a tumult of transport; a sort of wild delirium invaded every nerve and faculty; the full tide of happiness was too great; my frame sunk under it, and, on my reaching Morris Town, I was unable, from excessive emotion, to enter the house. Wilson, my faithful Wilson, met me at the door, and perceiving my emotion, exclaimed—

‘ Oh God! my dear-master, it is too late! You already know every thing that has passed?’

“ The

“ The blood, which had before mounted impetuously to my burning brain, now recoiled towards my heart ; every sensation of pleasure died within me, a cold sweat bedewed my brow, and it was some time before I could recover recollection enough to think, or voice to articulate : but at length I exclaimed, clasping my hands together in the wildness of despair, ‘ She is dead ! my Caroline is dead ! What has the world left to offer ? Yet,’ addressing myself to him in a supplicating tone, ‘ say not that she is no more—kill me not with the cruel intelligence that my Caroline is dead ! Would to God thou hadst not left these encircling arms ! Would to God thou hadst never left the arms of thy idolizing Fitz-morris !’

‘ My dear master,’ said Wilson, taking me by the arm, and almost forcibly dragging  
me



me into a parlour, 'be composed! Mrs. Fitzmorris still lives, although not for you; she is unworthy of your regard—she is base and undeserving.'

"I blush even at this distant period, my friends, to recollect my own frantic conduct. I, gracious Heavens! I lifted my sacrilegious arm, and struck the venerable man, exclaiming, 'It is false! Hell hath not sufficient torments for the villain who dares to slander the angelic purity of my adored Caroline!'

'Would to God,' cried he, 'that it were false! Would to God I had it in my power to contradict what I have before asserted; but,' shaking his head, 'it is impossible—I have told you nothing but the truth; and pardon me, my master, pardon your old servant, that he is obliged to be the messenger of such dreadful tidings, but  
it

it is now three weeks since Mrs. Fitzmorris eloped with Mr. Egerton, taking Miss Caroline with her; and though we have exerted our utmost to discover the route they have taken, we have hitherto been unsuccessful.'

'Oh Caroline!' exclaimed I, 'couldst thou leave thine affectionate husband, thine innocent children, without remorse—couldst thou make an everlasting wreck of my happiness without compunction? It is impossible. Oh my children, my children! your mother has planted the thorn of repentance in her own breast, and wounded, eternally wounded, the peace of your father; she has cast a stain on the heretofore un sullied name of Fitzmorris, and has left you to the scorn and contumely of a pitiless world.'

"Quite

“ Quite exhausted with agitation, I sunk lifeless on the floor. My attendants conveyed me to my chamber, where I lay many weeks, alternately in a state of delirium and insensibility. At length I awoke to recollection and to misery ; the past continually recurred to my mind, and sorrow retarded the recovery of my health. Wilson endeavoured, by every attention in his power, to banish from my mind the despair which appeared so deeply rooted, and which occasionally almost stupified my faculties.”

‘ My dear master,’ said he one day, as he sat by my bed-side, ‘ I have lived in your family nearly forty years; let me not at last see all your prospects of happiness blasted by a worthless object. The Almighty has yet many blessings in store for you ; you have two beautiful children, an ample fortune, numerous friends, and are beloved and  
respected

respected by all who know you ; let not all these gifts be thanklessly received, lest the Omnipotent in his wrath should withdraw them also from you ; fortify your mind, I beseech you, to bear the afflictions allotted you in this life, and let your old servant once more behold you resigned, if not happy.'

" As he pronounced these words, he retired precipitately from me, and returned almost immediately, bringing with him my dear children, Fanny and Emmeline. I pressed the sweet babes to my bosom in speechless agony ; I lifted my hands and eyes in earnest supplication to the eternal Giver of all good, and fervently entreated him to spare these innocent lambs to my doting arms. I acknowledged the justice of his chastisements, and my unworthiness of his goodness."

' In



‘ In the fulness of prosperity,’ exclaimed I, ‘ I have not been sufficiently grateful; and while I have enjoyed the benefit, I have forgotten the benefactor ! Oh Lord, visit not mine offences on mine helpless offspring, but, in the greatness of thy justice, think upon mercy !’

“ In the playful endearments of my children, I soon, in some measure, recovered my composure; my health was restored, and my mind became gradually consoled. Yet here, my friends, I again transgressed, and I was doomed to meet with yet more grievous calamities :—I became too ardently attached to these darlings of my soul; I was their instructor, their companion, and their playfellow; I scarcely ever permitted them to leave me for a moment; the ardent affection of my heart, which had before branched out into so many channels, now

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rushed with impetuosity, and concentrated in one point. Who then can wonder that it overflowed the boundaries assigned them both by nature and reason? My children were indeed the whole world to me; father, sister, wife, all were in some degree compensated by these inestimable treasures; the remembrance of them can never be obliterated from my mind—continually does it return, and my whole soul is agonized when I reflect that I can see them no more.”

‘ Oh my beloved children!’ cried he, clasping his hands together in an agony of grief, ‘ your seraph smiles were the balm which sweetened my existence; beautiful were your infant countenances, fascinating your affectionate caresses. How did the never-sleeping eye of parental fondness watch over the first dawns of your awakening faculties? How did it anticipate the

the time when you should realize all that the most boundless love could desire, all that the most ardent imagination could paint? Vainly, alas ! did it picture the time when it should see you, blooming in innocence and virtue, shining in talents and beauty, your judgments ripened, and your years matured, followed, courted, admired, beloved. " From the first Cain, to him that did but yesterday respire, sure never were such gracious creatures born."

Tears stopped the speech of Fitzmorris ; and he paused to recover composure and recollection, and then proceeded in his narration, as follows in the next chapter.

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## CHAP. V.

- “ Amid the dreary gloom of night I cry,  
“ When will the morn’s once pleasing scenes return ?  
“ But what can morn’s returning rays supply,  
“ But foes that triumph, and but friends that mourn ?”

“ I WAITED on my father’s widow, and of her made enquiry respecting the death of my sister. She informed me that my Emma died in child-bed, and had left no family, as one infant had been still-born, and the other had died in teething ; that her husband was gone abroad, and that my sister’s death was in a great measure to be attributed



attributed to his ill treatment of her. With such an account of you, my friend, it was not wonderful that I used no endeavours to discover you; and thus by the misrepresentations and artifices of a malicious and infamous woman, we have so long been strangers to each other. I set every engine at work to find out in what place my lost Caroline, and her babe were concealed. I advertised them in most of the English and Irish papers, but all my efforts were for a long time fruitless. At length, when hope was almost fled from my bosom, I received the following letter, which eased my heart indeed, of uncertainty respecting my child—she was no more!

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*THE LETTER.*

“Separated as we are, fatally separated for ever, I know not in what language to

address you. Words are inadequate to express the feelings of my soul; they alone can convey to you an account of my repentance, my anguish, and despair! Deep and lasting is that repentance, and unconquerable that despair! When I cast a retrospective glance on the time when, in innocence and honour, I was the beloved wife of thy bosom—when happy in thy approbation, and in the consciousness of virtue, the sun rose only to witness my felicity—I recoil from myself with horror, for I have thrown all these blessings from me, and am fallen below thy resentment, almost below thy pity! Yet could you behold my nights of agony, and my days of bitterness—could you see my emaciated form, and view the ravages grief and compunction make in this lacerated bosom, I know your generous nature would forgive, and speak pardon and  
peace

peace to my agonized conscience ! Think me not, Fitzmorris, so abandoned as to continue with the author of my undoing ; no ! my fall was a momentary impulse of passion, not a deliberate dereliction from principle : and since the fatal day of our intended final separation, I have never but once beheld him.—Gracious Heavens ! who shall speak the horrors of that scene ? Oh ye children of virtue, innocence, and honour, ye can never experience the terrors of that hour ! I now, Fitzmorris, address you for the last time ; and Oh, believe her sincerity, who writes as from the dead—I seek not our re-union ; no, were it even possible you could restore to me your affection and confidence, I am so conscious of my own unworthiness, that even your forgiveness, your protection, could not restore my lost happiness ! Ah, it could

not heal my wounded reputation—it could not restore the un sullied dignity of virtue ! Oh God ! thou knowest my repentance, thou knowest the anguish of my heart ! Thou hast beheld me in my solitary retirement, thou hast seen my contrition, and will pardon the sinner who relies on thy mercy ! But the world never forgets an offence so flagrant as mine ; no, it pursues me with its scorn and contumely, and the finger of derision is pointed at me for ever !

“ I meant not to have intruded myself on your remembrance, had I not seen your advertisement respecting my child ; she, I hope, is saved from the errors of her unfortunate mother—she is cropped like an early flower, but she shall bloom again in regions of felicity, while her wretched parent——

Oh Fitzmorris ! I dare not cast a thought that way !—Adieu, thou worthiest, best of men !



men! May the Almighty shower down his blessings on thy head, and may the innocent children of thy affection console thee for the errors of one, who knows not how to sign herself

“CAROLINE FITZMORRIS.”

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*The Memoirs of Caroline Fitzmorris,  
addressed to her injured Husband.*

“Long before your arrival in Jamaica, Mr. Egerton became acquainted with my family. His person and manners were fatally too interesting for my repose. His attentions were for a long time equally divided between my sister and myself, and he had insinuated himself into my heart ere he declared his preference for Maria. Who can describe my sensations when one day

she called me into her apartment, and in confidence told me that Mr. Egerton had declared himself her lover, and that my father had given his consent to their union. My agitation was so visible, that she could not fail to notice it. I informed her that I had been extremely unwell the whole day, and that I wished she would excuse to my father my passing the remaining part of it in my own room. She promised to comply with my request, and proceeded to relate every particular of the commencement and progress of her passion. Every word she uttered planted fresh daggers in my breast; yet I lost not entirely my composure, and she continued in ignorance of my unfortunate prepossession to the latest moment of her existence.

“My Mary was a sweet tempered girl; and would, I am confident, have resigned her own  
happiness

happinefs to have fecured my felicity. She left me, and I retired to my own folitary chamber, where I hurried to bed, feigning fleep to prevent her returning to fit with me.—Oh God! what a combination of agonies did I then endure! The remembrance of former fufferings, even at this diftant period, makes me fhudder;—then indeed the feelings of my foul were not aided by remorse—then I flew from the temptation—ah! then only for a fhort time was the exertion of my fortitude requifite.

“The vifits of Mr. Egerton were feldom, and but of fhort continuance, as the mercantile concerns in which he was engaged, occupied the greateft part of his time and attention, and he refided fome miles in the country. Taken up as my fiftter and her lover were with each other whenever he was an inmate in our houfe, they perceived not my frequent

frequent absences—they were ignorant of the melancholy which would, on these occasions, take possession of my mind. Sometimes, on the arrival of Mr. Egerton, I would frame an excuse to leave home; and if I found myself at a loss to invent a plausible one, I would fly to my own chamber, and in a constant and uniform seclusion, conceal my ill-fated partiality. About this time you arrived in Jamaica, and soon after my sister was married. I resolved on making one last effort to conceal the attachment which preyed on my vitals; I summoned all my resolution to my aid. My fortitude, on this trying occasion, did not fail; my soul shrunk not, but armed herself to bear this greatest of all trials. I attended my sister to the altar, and witnessed the ratification of those vows which severed me from the object of my affection for ever! My  
composure



composure was unabated; my gaiety appeared as the gaiety of a heart yet untouched by misfortune. The unsubdued emotion, by being thus concealed in my bosom, increased the tumult which raged within; my soul was the seat of anarchy and confusion, and I thought it impossible nature should endure, for any length of time, misery like that I experienced. I called on death, in vain, to end my misfortunes and my life together; blessed had been the time had I then died—I was then free from dishonour—I was then innocent and virtuous!

“ You soon declared yourself my admirer, and you may remember that both my father and yourself were very urgent in importuning me to become your wife. I was weary of refusing, unable to reveal the real cause of my indifference towards you. My soul was dead to joy, and my heart no longer  
alive

alive to the emotions of love; the world was to me a desert, for I was for ever deprived of the object of my regard: my very thoughts were debarred from resting on him. I consented to your proposals, in hopes that a variety of occupations and employment would enable me to banish the enemy of my repose;—it was indeed banished for a time, but not effaced—the impression was indelible!

“ The days of happiness we have passed together, will witness I exerted my utmost to promote your felicity. Oh Fitzmorris! Fitzmorris! let the remembrance of those days plead for me! Let the hours, the months, the years we passed together, and which will return no more, plead for your once loved Caroline; let it soften your heart in her favour, and induce you to offer a prayer to the throne of Grace for her forgiveness!

6/11/11

“ On

*Wm. Pitt Rivers*

“ On the death of my sister, Mr. Egerton became an inmate of our house ; and the fatal prepossession I had so long laboured to controul, again took deep root in my breast. My health suffered in the fruitless attempt to obliterate it ; vain were my endeavours to subdue it—vain every effort to regain my former tranquillity. The melancholy Mr. Egerton fell into on the loss of his Maria, inspired me with pity ; we mourned together our mutual loss, and I found in his society a consolation most fascinating, and therefore the more dangerous. I saw not the dreadful precipice which yawned before me, until too late ; and I awoke from this lethargy of the senses, and discovered how much this fatal propensity had gained on me. My heart sickened at the remembrance of my former wretchedness ; I seemed born only to encounter the trials

trials of life; my whole soul died within me at the contemplation of the time we were probably destined to spend together; and I became a prey to the most settled melancholy. I saw my safety consisted in flight, yet I knew not how to avoid the cause of my misery. You noticed my dejection, and kindly proposed my going to your family seat in Ireland. My heart bounded with transport at this offer; I could scarcely conceal my joy, yet I endeavoured to dissemble, and I was successful: but my designs were counteracted by Mr. Egerton's proposing to accompany me.

“ I knew not how to inform you that I had altered my wishes; I feared your scrutinizing eye should discover the reason of this change of sentiment—I feared Mr. Egerton should think I objected to his proposal of protecting me, from motives of dislike.



dislike. I did every thing I ought not to have done—I accepted his proffered attendance, and rendered both him and myself for ever miserable.—A false shame prevented my confiding in you. Would to God that I had confessed my passion to you! Would to God that I had opened my heart before you! Ah! this was the first fatal error in my conduct—how many have succeeded! Oh that I had relied on your generosity, that I had acknowledged my weakness, then had I been happy still!

“ Never can I forget the day on which I embarked for Ireland; a fearful presentiment of evil hung on my mind, and I parted from you in agonies unutterable. Alas! too certainly were these presages verified—our separation was eternal!

“ I will do Mr. Egerton the justice to say, that until long after this time, he was totally unconscious of my regard for him;

him; but thrown together as we were by a combination of circumstances, and left as I was entirely to him for those numerous attentions and assistances the natural weakness of my sex rendered so necessary to me, he soon discovered my feelings respecting himself, and in fruitless endeavours to restore my tranquillity, he lost his own. His health suffered in the internal struggle which followed; and while he thought he performed only the simple offices of friendship, he secretly cherished a flame which ruined his peace of mind, and ultimately sent him to an untimely grave. No sooner was he sensible of his error, than he determined to see me no more, and had he left me at this time, happy had it been for us both; but the long management he had been obliged to take in my affairs, obliged him to see me before he left Ireland, and  
this

this interview planted the eternal thorn of remorse in our bosoms !

“Oh Fitzmorris! who can describe my despair? In all the wildness of frenzy, I imprecated the severest curses on Egerton and myself! I prayed the Almighty to strike us both senseless in his wrath! I swore, solemnly swore, never to behold your face, never more to taste repose, joy, or comfort. Mr. Egerton besought me to be calm; he implored my forgiveness, and conjured me to reflect on the consequence of my being discovered in that state of agitation and despair.—‘It is in vain,’ cried I, ‘to talk to me of composure; I care not for the whole world; I will quit this place for ever, for never can I again behold the face of Mr. Fitzmorris—never again behold one, whose very looks would reproach me with my dishonour—one towards whom I have been  
guilty

guilty of such flagrant ingratitude !"—Egerton desired he might protect my flight ; I agreed he should see me to a place of safety, on condition that he then left me, and promised never again to intrude himself into my presence. It was then agreed that we should quit Morris Town on the following night ; and I prepared to leave all that I held dear on earth ! As I passed by the cradle of my sleeping Caroline, the thought struck me of making her a companion of my flight. I packed up a large box of necessaries for the sweet babe and myself. Mr. Egerton procured a chaise, which waited at the end of the lawn ; and, unobserved, he conveyed the luggage to it. Night at length arrived, and the family were all buried in profound repose, when the clock striking twelve, I prepared to leave for ever my two beautiful children.

“ I went



“ I went into the nursery to take a last look at my darlings ; they slept soundly, unconscious of the misery of their mother. My sweet Fanny lay with her little arm around the neck of my lovely Emmeline. I knelt down by the bed-side, and stole a soft kiss of these slumbering innocents—I prayed to the Almighty to shield these tender flowers I left forlorn. Tears streamed in torrents down my cheeks, and my mind was almost in such a state of distraction, as to preclude the possibility of leaving them. At length I tore myself away, lest my audible sobs should awaken the domestics. I stole softly back to my own apartment—my Caroline was sleeping ; I folded her in the cradle cloaths, and lifting her gently in my arms, left the house, the sweet infant still slumbering on the maternal bosom. M

“ The wind whistled as I pursued my way  
across

across the lawn; a cold shivering ran through my blood; my heart died within me! I was scarcely able to enter the chaise; Mr. Egerton lifted me in, and we proceeded in silence. My babe awoke not till the morning dawned. The sun rose with more than wonted pleasure; the birds were chanting their matin song. It was a beautiful spring morning; all nature appeared rejoicing—I alone was unhappy; I was indeed miserable—my heart was stung by remorse—like our first parents, I had lost my paradise:

“The world was all before me, where to chuse

“My place of rest, and Providence my guide.”

When I cast a look on the angelic face of my child, my anguish redoubled; her sweet smiles reproached the frailty of her mother.

“Arrived at the place of my destination, Mr. Egerton left me; yet fearful of his return, I changed my place of abode: no

one

one entered my dwelling but a female domestic. I procured my maintenance partly by the labour of my hands, and on the money I had with me when I left Morris Town. Here I lived secluded from the world, and here I again felt acuter sorrow, which, had I remained in the situation Mr. Egerton placed me in, had probably been spared me.

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## CHAP. VI.

- " Grief fills the place up of my absent child,
- " Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
- " Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
- " Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
- " Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form—
- " Then I have reason to be fond of grief."

"MY habitation was situated in a small village, a few miles from Swansea, in Glamorganshire, near the Mumble Head. Here I was in a manner shut out from all intercourse with the world. The villagers, the neighbouring peasantry, and occasionally a few strangers, who frequented Swansea as a bathing place, were the only people who



who ever intruded on this sequestered spot. The sea fronted my dwelling at not more than twenty yards distance. The side view presented at once a prospect sublime and beautiful, bounded by the ruins of an ancient castle. Ah! could my heart have ever more found peace, surely here I had been happy; but I carried in my bosom the barbed arrow, which nothing but death could extract;—in all places, in all situations, I should have been equally miserable: misfortune pursued me to this solitary retreat, and my serenity was again broken in upon, at a time when I least expected it. As I arose one morning to give my child the benefit of air and exercise, I perceived a vast concourse of people on the sea-shore, at a little distance. Curiosity impelled me to enquire the occasion of this unusual sight. I was informed that the body of a

VOL. I. G gentleman

gentleman had been washed on shore during the night, and that he was a person who had long resided in Swansea in an insane state of mind, and that it was supposed he had purposely thrown himself into the tide. I followed my Caroline, hoping to prevent her witnessing an object which might terrify and alarm her. I was too late; the sweet innocent had gained the fatal spot. I took her hand, and was about to lead her back, when accidentally casting my eyes on the melancholy object, I beheld, gracious Heaven! the well-known features of Egerton! My eyes were rivetted on the dreadful spectacle; a cold sweat bedewed my whole frame; my senses were in a state of stupefaction, from which they were suddenly awakened by Caroline's catching my hand, and saying—

• Only

‘ Only think, mama, how sound he sleeps ! no one can wake him.’

“ Every sense now awoke to agony and distraction ; I was entirely off my guard, and throwing myself on the lifeless form of the wretched man, I lamented, in the bitterest wailings, his untimely fate. I pressed his clay-cold hand in mine, and bedewed it with my tears.—‘ Oh Henry, Henry !’ cried I, ‘ hadst thou died by the visitation of the Almighty, I could have borne it ; but to see thee thus cut off in the prime of thy days, a victim to remorse and despair—to see all thy hopes for ever set in endless night, without one pitying friend to sooth thy sorrows, no affectionate bosom in which to pour thy miseries—it is too, too much !’

“ Yet think not, Fitzmorris, that the guilty passion which formerly agitated my bosom, was the occasion of my present sorrow ;

ah no ! it had long since vanished, and left its unfortunate possessor to bewail that it had ever existed. I felt for Egerton only pity and sisterly affection ; but what above all smote me with anguish was, that I looked on myself as the occasion of this rash act. His feelings, always acute, could not bear the retrospect of his conduct ; the violent passions of his mind, naturally ardent, romantic, and enthusiastic, were all in warring tumult ; conscience, I have no doubt, incessantly tormented him, and he dared to fly from the evils he felt to—perhaps greater!——But I dare not glance that way. Oh may his pardon be pronounced, and his offences be forgotten ! His sin, Fitzmorris, was not against me ; my own weakness, my wayward inclinations, were my ruin ; and I trust, the fall of Egerton was not the deliberate guilt of intended seduction



seduction. I now felt for him dreadful apprehensions; he had ventured, uncalled, into the presence of his Maker. I ordered his body to be conveyed to my habitation, but was told it could not be done till the Coroner had brought in his verdict. I retired to reflect in solitude, and I felt the most grateful thankfulness for the mercy of that Providence, who had granted me time, opportunity, and a proper frame of mind for the arduous work of sincere repentance. I prayed for Egerton and for myself; I endeavoured to acquire fortitude to witness the scenes which were likely to follow; and, blessed be the Almighty, I succeeded. The Coroner brought in his verdict "lunacy;" and the remains of the unfortunate man were deposited in my house until the time of interment. I sat a whole day and night in the midst of the solemn preparations; no

tongue can describe my sensations when I looked on the bed, and beheld stretched out, pale, lifeless, and inanimate, the form of one whose manly beauty once "shone unrivalled," whose hilarity gladdened every company, and whose benevolence and humanity to his fellow-creatures made him beloved by all who knew him. All these good qualities had been lost in the momentary predominance of one fatal passion. When I reflected on the commencement of our acquaintance, its progress, and its conclusion, I found that to the weak strength of human virtue I had trusted, that I had relied on my own sufficiency to conquer the feelings of my heart, and I had not besought the Director of all hearts to strengthen my resolutions, and—I felt "like stars which set never to rise again."

"After

“ After the funeral of Mr. Egerton, I removed to the place I now inhabit. Here I experienced the loss of my child.—Excuse the feelings of a mother—I cannot speak on this circumstance ; I hope Heaven will bless the darlings who remain, and may they compensate to their father for the frailty of

“ CAROLINE.”

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“ The sensations of my mind,” continued Mr. Fitzmorris, “ after the perusal of this letter, were various and indescribable. At one moment resentment and anger would predominate against the authors of my misfortunes ; at another, pity banished every harsh thought, and I could have taken my forlorn one again to my bosom, have spoken peace to her agonized conscience,

and have restored her to the place she once held in my affections. Then again remembrance presented to my view the insurmountable bar to our re-union; love, pity, despair, rage, and revenge combated in my bosom, and alternately prevailed. It was a long time before I could bring my perverse heart to the obedience of reason; passion and prejudice counteracted the good inclinations of my mind, and I fear I was unthankful for the blessings Providence had yet left me.—My children were infected with the small-pox, which for some time appeared favourable;—the turn of the disorder proved fatal to my Emmeline; her little skin was parched up with the fever which attended the going back of the distemper. It was dreadful for an indifferent person to witness her agonies, what then were the feelings of her father! She  
screamed



screamed until she was quite exhausted, and writhed in agony. I held her little hand in mine, and earnestly besought the merciful Providence to take her, and spare the excruciating sensations of both father and child. My babe died after three nights and days of dreadful suffering. My Fanny yet remained ; for nine days and nights I never left her bed-side ; on the tenth she appeared better, but complained of her eyes. I carried her in my arms to a window, and was struck with horror and astonishment to behold my darling quite blind.

‘ Father,’ said the sweet girl, ‘ you promised to take me to the window, but I see no light.’

‘ My dear Fanny,’ returned I, ‘ your eyes are dim with the disorder, and perhaps you will not be able to see for some days.’

‘ Ah papa,’ cried she, ‘ do not deceive me ; I know now that I am blind, for I saw Mary Callagan’s child the other day, and she was quite blind with the small-pox. I shall never then see the light of the sun, never see any green fields, never see my sister Emma, and never see you !—but you will love me, father—you will love your own Fanny, and Emma will play with me ; and God will love little blind Fanny, for Fanny was not always blind ; God made Fanny blind, and mama will come and see me when she knows how bad I have been.’

“ I caught the lovely girl to my bosom, exclaiming—

‘ Yes, my darling, God does love you ; every one loves you, and your fond father will do every thing to make his Fanny happy.’

" I soon perceived, with anguish, that the disorder had fallen on the lungs of this sole remaining object of my affection; a hectic fever and cough followed, and it was almost impossible for me to entertain a hope of her recovery. Yet I did hope, and was disappointed; I saw her fragile form dwindle and decay by inches. I quitted her as seldom as possible. At night she slept in an apartment adjoining mine, and the sun no sooner rose, than I carried her in my arms in the lawn before the house; we returned, and she took her medicines, which I never permitted any hand but mine to administer. After breakfast I accompanied her while she took an airing in the chariot. Every art was tried, every aid called in: my child was put entirely on a vegetable diet, in vain. The disorder indeed would sometimes abate, but the

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favourable

favourable symptoms were evanescent. Oh how I have sat and watched her countenance, and how my heart has bounded with delight when a transient gleam of spirit has persuaded me that my treasure would recover ! The unremitting care of her father availed nothing ; the icy hand of Death robbed me of my treasure, and I had no longer any thing in the world to interest me.—I followed the remains of my Fanny to the mausoleum of her ancestors. I returned to my habitation disconsolate and unhappy ; I traversed the magnificent mansion of my progenitors, where once delight and pleasure had gladdened my youthful days ; despair and misery haunted me perpetually ; I mourned at once all those dear relative connections, now, alas ! dead to me for ever !—‘ Father, sister, wife, children, all,’ cried I, ‘ are gone ; I only remain an isolated



isolated being, without relatives, without friends, desolate, forlorn, and unhappy !

“ At length I determined to quit Ireland, and a letter I received from Mr. Marchmont hastened my removal. He informed me he should be in Ireland in a few months, and should hasten to Morris Town, impatient to clasp the objects of his affection to his bosom. I could not bear to witness his grief. I resolved to quit the seat of my forefathers for ever ; it appeared the grave of my departed felicity. The most bitter calamities of my life I had experienced there ; every scene reminded me of those who had rendered every place a paradise to me. I wished to find some sequestered spot, where I was unlikely to meet any of my former associates ; I wished to avoid the world, and most of all, wished to seclude myself

myself from the researches of Mr. Marchmont. I feared his attempting to re-unite Mrs. Fitzmorris and myself; and I feared that, should we meet, my wayward heart would betray me. I knew that my only safety was in flight, and that we could never meet more to be happy; the unfulfilled purity of my Caroline was gone, nor was it possible that the past could be forgotten. How could I cease to remember that she had disguised her sentiments, and lived with me four years, during the whole of which time her heart had been in possession of another? I settled my affairs, and fortunately purchased this estate; and in your society have, in some measure, regained my tranquillity. Since my residence in Cornwall, my father's widow has been married again, and Mr. Marchmont is dead; which last circumstance was the occasion of the illness which introduced.

introduced me to your acquaintance, and which I discovered by the following paragraph in one of the London papers.

‘ On Sunday last died, at the house of Mr. Masters, in London, Thomas Marchmont, Esq. formerly of the Island of Jamaica. It is supposed family misfortunes injured his health, and his death was accelerated by the failure of a certain commercial house in the City, in which his property was vested.’

“ I sent Wilson to the house of Mr. Masters, to make enquiries respecting the affairs of the deceased, and discovered that he had indeed lost his property. Mr. Masters knew nothing of the deceased—he had merely lodged in his house; a lady attended him during his illness, but to what part of the world she had retired, he knew not. Every effort to discover my wife was ineffectual;

ineffectual; and she now lives, I have no doubt, in some retired place, in a state of poverty and indigence. Some time before the death of Mr. Marchmont, my steward at Morris Town remitted to me the letter I have in my hand, and which I will now read.

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TO MR. FITZMORRIS.

‘ In spite of the many unfortunate events which have occurred to separate us, I can only call you by the appellation of my son; yet think not, my dear Fitzmorris, by this, that I wish to re-unite you to my daughter; no, I am convinced that is impossible—I am convinced you can never again receive the wife who has dishonoured you. Your conduct towards my unhappy child has been in every respect, she confesses,  
noble



noble and generous; and I now write to thank you for it, to take a last leave of you, and to wish you every felicity you can possibly receive on earth. You have experienced nothing but misery in your connection with my family, and the sooner you can forget us, the better. I have discovered the retreat of my poor wandering Caroline, and every resentment was subdued by the feelings of the father. I have restored her to my heart and my affection, and never will we be again separated.

‘ Fitzmorris, my dear Fitzmorris! I am very unfit, at this time of life, to cope with misfortune. My youthful days were days of uninterrupted prosperity; my old age is an old age of calamity;—what a dreadful reverse! I have one thing to ask of you, yet I know not how to mention it. Suffer my child to die your wife, and spare the  
name

name of Marchmont the ignominy it must otherwise be subject to—save it from the reproaches of the ignorant and the vulgar.

‘ Your’s till death,

‘ THOMAS MARCHMONT.’

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“ I could not bear to wound the feelings of this fond parent, nor to expose the name of my once beloved Caroline to derision and contempt;—I could not bear to have the name of an ancient and honourable family consigned to infamy; and as I never intended again to enter the Hymeneal porch, I informed Mr. Marchmont that I acceded to his wish, and intended to bury in oblivion every thing that reminded me of deceased happiness.

“ I have

“ I have brought you, my friends, to the conclusion of a sorrowful history, which, when I review, I can scarcely believe I have endured, and yet live.”——

“ An elegant author,” said Mr. Godfrey, “ observes, that ‘ God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.’ There is, however, my dear friend, one conclusion to be drawn from the events you have related, which is, that to the headstrong passion of youth your infelicity was chiefly owing. Had you, before your marriage, scrutinized into the conduct and sentiments of Miss Marchmont, you would, in all probability, have ceased to urge a suit which you found accorded not with her inclinations ; you would have been convinced of her prepossession in favour of another, and in all probability would have made a better choice.

Miss

Miss Marchmont ought certainly to have informed you of the pre-engagement of her affections, as I hold it every one's duty, before they enter into that union which nothing but death can dissolve, to reveal every thing which could possibly, if hereafter made known, affect their happiness;—perhaps, had she placed this confidence in you, it would not have prevented your alliance, but it would have prevented your placing her in a situation, to which her honour and peace of mind eventually fell a sacrifice.”

“ Ah, my dear Sir !” said Fitzmorris, “ expect not in youth the mature reflections of age ; it will have its passions, and reason in vain dictates, until calmed by the hand of time or misfortune.”

“ There, my friend,” replied Mr. Godfrey, “ I think most people err ; they  
suppose



suppose it impossible for reason to acquire an ascendancy over passion, and therefore do not attempt to controul the one, or listen to the dictates of the other. The Almighty has convinced you how transitory and fleeting all earthly happiness is ; he has weaned your heart from the things of this world by taking from you those objects which engaged too much of your attention, and on which your affections were perhaps too fondly placed."

" You speak, Mr. Godfrey," said Fitz-morris, " as becomes your character and your profession. How happy am I in such a friend ! Would to God that every one thought and acted as you do !"

" We cannot expect every one to be perfect," said Mrs. Dixon.

" I would not pay you so bad a compliment," said Frederic, " otherwise I would  
say

say you flattered my father. No human being can be perfect, or I verily think——”

“ Hold, Frederic,” said Mr. Godfrey, “ you have just found fault with Mrs. Dixon, and are running into the same error yourself.”

“ It is impossible,” returned Frederic, “ to fix a fault on that lady.”

“ I see,” said Mrs. Dixon, “ that after having demeaned myself humbly through my youth, you mean to make me vain in my old age ; so it is time to leave such dangerous company. Come, Miss Godfrey, we will leave them to themselves.”

So saying, she put her arm within Emma’s, and quitted the room.

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## CHAP. VII.

“ The chamber where the good man meets his fate,  
“ Is privileg’d beyond the common walk of virtuous life—  
“ Quite in the verge of heaven !”

MR. GODFREY, who performed every duty of his station with the most scrupulous care and attention, caught a violent cold in going one night to visit a sick parishioner. He was a long time confined to his apartment, and when able to come down stairs, it was much feared that his lungs were affected. He had once before been in a similar state, from which the Bristol waters, and

and a voyage to the Madeira Islands, had fortunately recovered him; and Dr. Y—— recommended him again to try their efficacy.

Mr. Godfrey and his family, Mr. Fitzmorris, and Mrs. Dixon accordingly prepared for a journey to Bristol, as they considered themselves now one family.

Mr. Godfrey was thankful that Providence had raised up such a friend for his children—a friend who would supply to them the loss they must shortly sustain; for he was convinced, from his internal feelings, that his life would be of short continuance. He felt his situation, yet was not dismayed; the consciousness of the purity of his intentions, and the certainty of the mercy of his Judge, kept his spirits from sinking, and enlivened his hopes in futurity.

“ My



“ My dear child,” said he to his daughter one day, in the presence of Mrs. Dixon, “ have you any objections to my making Mr. Fitzmorris your trustee ?”

“ No, certainly, my dear father,” returned she, pressing his hand to her lips ; “ yet do not talk of leaving us, do not break the heart of your Emma by telling her you do not expect to recover !”

“ My dear love,” replied he, “ I may perhaps live many years, blessed in your society, happy in witnessing the virtue and felicity of my children ; nor can you be weak enough to think that the settlement of my affairs will, in any respect, tend to promote my disorder ; on the contrary, by relieving my mind from every anxiety, it may expedite my recovery. Ah ! my dear child, every man at my time of life, ought to prepare for death. In the common

course of nature, I must drop off before you, and it is your duty to prepare your mind to bear the common misfortunes of life with a calm resignation to the will of the Almighty. You may live many years, and your days will be gloomy and uncomfortable in the happiest state, if you accustom yourself to see only the dark side of the picture. Every one has duties to perform, every one has friends, to whom his sorrow is painful, and cheerfulness is a duty we owe both to God and man;—to God, because he has done so much to make us happy; and to man, because it is our duty to endeavour to make him so. I never in my life could entertain a good opinion of those people, who being themselves old, infirm, and gloomy, were angry and displeased at the gaiety of those around them.”

On

On the following Monday, the family were all assembled at an early hour, and the breakfast was no sooner concluded, than they proceeded on their intended journey, and arrived in safety at the Bristol Hot Wells, without any thing occurring material enough for me to record, and settled themselves comfortably at an hotel in that place.

It is not necessary to mention in what manner they travelled, nor what time they took to complete their journey; for when I have informed my readers that it was near one hundred and forty miles, and a very bad road the greatest part of the way, no proper change of horses, and those that could be procured, were thin and weak, they will not wonder if the party were tired before the end of it, and will thank me for saving their patience, and my own paper.

The morning after their arrival, Mr. Fitzmorris sent for the master of the house, and enquired of him the names of the most eminent physicians in the place, and whether any one of them was considered particularly clever in consumptive cases?

“We have a great number of eminent men,” said Mr. B——, “but Dr. Prado confines himself particularly to that line, and is esteemed very skilful.”

“Pray,” said Fitzmorris, “who are the ladies who occupy the rooms beyond us?”

“Lady Clayton and Miss Vincent,” said he; “the former is an invalid, and the latter is one of our prime beauties this season.”

Mr. Fitzmorris now returned to Mr. Godfrey, and after some debate, it was agreed to send for Dr. Prado.

Dr.



Dr. Prado was a short man; his countenance was livid, yellow, and swarthy; his face was unwashed, his hair uncombed, and his whole person exhibited symptoms of negligence and disorder:—in short, the *tout ensemble* was disgusting to every person of taste or delicacy.

After the usual compliments had passed, he proceeded to examine the state of the patient's pulse; and having written a prescription, he arose, looked at the prospect from the window, carelessly took a pinch of snuff, made a remark on the weather, and then began the following conversation.

“ Pray, Sir, how are the people in your part of the world affected? Are they for the continuance of the war, or for peace?”

“ The majority of them I am certain,” said Mr. Godfrey, “ are for the most vigorous prosecution of the war, and I think

every one who has the real interest of his country at heart, must be of the same opinion. The times are full of peril, and every part of the world full of wickedness; and though we ourselves are not without spot, yet I hope we shall never arrive at the heinous wickedness of the French nation."

"There must be some time allowed for the French, after so great a revolution," said the Doctor, "to recover their vigour, and reinstate their government, which cannot be done all at once; but the day will soon arrive when we shall behold them burst as the sun from behind a dark cloud, and dazzle the eyes of all Europe."

"I doubt much," said Mr. Godfrey, "that neither you nor I shall ever live to see that time; the actions of their Directory are the actions of robbers and assassins; their Councils are composed of the refuse  
of

of all countries, and their soldiers are a band of lawless banditti, who pillage, massacre, violate, and destroy whatever they can lay their hands on."

"They are, you cannot deny," said the Doctor, "an enlightened people; the sun of knowledge has first broke forth upon them, but it will gradually disperse itself over the whole globe. There are many enlightened people in England, and Ireland is quite illuminated."

"I hope," said Mr. Godfrey, "that the generality of the people, both in England and Ireland, are in the right way of thinking. The Almighty has blessed our arms with success, and we ought to be thankful; but as to what you term being "enlightened," I hope we shall always be in the dark. To be enlightened in the modern acceptation of the word, is to

throw off all regard to decency, order, and morality; and the modern explanation of philosophy is a total dereliction from all religion and principle. The French are therefore modern philosophers; and I am sorry to be obliged to use so harsh an expression as to say, their extirpation would be a blessing to all Europe."

"Itell you, Sir," said the Doctor, genteelly smacking his fingers, "it is as much impossible to extirpate the French nation, as it is impossible to prevent the regeneration of a tape-worm in the human body; leave but a joint, leave but an atom, and it will renovate, and in a short time be as vigorous as ever."

"Nothing," replied Mr. Godfrey, "is impossible to God."

"Nature," said the Doctor, "is all-sufficient; philosophy is the only thing which  
can



can possibly counteract nature ;—but I beg pardon—you should not exert yourself too much—you will weaken yourself, you will too much exert your *excitabilities*.”

The Doctor then quitted the room, with his hand held out in an oblique direction, and a convenient opening between his fore finger and thumb for a guinea to slip into the hollow of his hand.

He had no sooner left the apartment, than Mr. Godfrey declared he would not take any thing prescribed by a man so void of principle.

“ I should be afraid,” said he, “ that he would practise on me, and think it no more harm to make experiments on my body, than on that of a dog.”

Another physician was therefore called in, and when Dr. Prado next made his morning *congée*, he was refused admittance.—Mrs.

Dixon had received the following note while Dr. Prado had been making his visit:—

“ Lady Clayton and Miss Vincent join in compliments to Mrs. Dixon and Miss Godfrey, will do themselves the pleasure of waiting on them in the course of the morning, if agreeable.”——

Mrs. Dixon handed the note to Emma, observing it was very polite, and they joined in saying they should be happy to see the ladies.

“ I would write,” said Mrs. Dixon, “ but we have no materials; as yet we are quite unfettered.”

In half an hour's time the ladies made their *entrée*. Lady Clayton was a woman of fine person, elegant manners, and good understanding. Her fortune was noble, and her heart was generous. She had two beautiful children, and loved her Lord with  
the

the sincerest affection. Their union was an union of choice ; nothing was wanting to complete her felicity but stability in the mind of her husband. At lucid intervals he would bitterly lament the alarming infirmity which so often disordered him, and entreat her to pardon any impropriety of conduct, for he was passionately fond of her ; he would weep, sometimes upbraid her, then fall at her feet, and supplicate her forgiveness in the most moving terms, and then again return to the same frenzical absurdities.

This unfortunate complaint rendered Lady Clayton quite miserable ;—continual anxiety preyed on her health ; her spirits, never good, were quite broken, and she was supposed to be in the last stage of a decline. If Lord Clayton were absent from her at any time longer than he had mentioned at

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setting

setting out, her terrors were unspeakable, for she knew not in what state he might be brought home: yet his disposition and character were amiable, and but for this mental misfortune, his equal was rarely to be met with.

Miss Vincent was beauty in its most captivating form: her person was light, airy, and graceful; her countenance soft, modest, and attractive; her dress was generally plain, simple, and unadorned; her hair was dark brown, her eyes a bright blue, her nose a beautiful aquiline, her chin round and white, her mouth—but I must stop short—it is impossible to describe it. To so much beauty, she added many accomplishments; she danced delightfully, sung charmingly, played admirably, and drew excellently. She had read much, and thought more. Her mind was capacious,  
her



her disposition good, her education had been retired, and her religion was fervent and sincere. With all these graces, natural and acquired, she never obtruded them on the observation of those she conversed with, and was often unnoticed, while a person with half her endowments was preferred before her.

Now my gentle reader is, I hope, anxious to know who Miss Vincent was.—Start not, I beseech you, ye females of condition—Miss Vincent was one of that numerous class of individuals, whom the world denominates “nobody.” She was not rich, she was not noble, she had nothing but merit to recommend her.

Her mother was the widow of a subaltern Officer; and being indigent, permitted her daughter to be the companion of Lady Clayton. The engaging manners and

sweet disposition of Caroline, had acquired her the love of her benefactress; their affection for each other was almost sisterly. The mother of Caroline resided in a town within a few miles of St. Donat's, in Wales, which was the present habitation of Lady Clayton.

After some conversation, Lady Clayton said—

“ I think, Mrs. Dixon, I remember your face; pray, was not your maiden name O’Niel?”

“ It was,” returned Mrs. Dixon.

“ And do you not, my dear Helen, remember Fanny Sedly?”

“ To be sure I do,” said Mrs. Dixon, “ and I am happy once more to behold the friend of my youth, though I am very sorry to find her in such an ill state of health.”

“ Oh,

“ Oh, I am much better than I was,” returned her Ladyship, “ thanks to the waters, and my little nurse here,” patting Caroline on the cheek.

“ I have a great deal to say to you, and no doubt a great deal to hear,” said Mrs. Dixon, “ when we can find time. My friend, old age is creeping on me apace. I am not so young as when you first knew me two-and-thirty years ago. Oh, how angry I was with your father for sending you to school ! I had no young person then to speak to ; he removed soon after, and I have not seen you since.”

“ Hold your tongue—you should not betray my age before gentlemen ; though you are not ashamed of being old, I am : so good by—it is time for me to go, and drink the waters : we shall see one another often. Come, little Vincent,” taking her by the arm,

arm, and with a slight curtsy quitting the room.

“ Lady Clayton is a pleasant woman,” said Mr. Fitzmorris.

“ She was very beautiful when I remember her,” said Mrs. Dixon ; “ and she had fifty thousand pounds to her fortune.”

“ Then,” said Mr. Godfrey, “ I am sure she was irresistible ; for she had more than fifty thousand charms.”

“ Lord Clayton,” observed Mr. Fitzmorris, “ is, I have heard, possessed of every accomplishment, handsome, noble, generous, brave :—but, alas ! he is subject to a malady which has run in his family for centuries, and which cannot fail to render his amiable partner unhappy.”

“ I think,” replied Mr. Godfrey, “ no one should venture to enter the marriage state with a person subject to such an infirmity,



infirmity, as it always breaks out sooner or later, and descends, with the inheritance, to posterity."

"It is indeed a shocking thing; poor Lady Clayton, how I pity her!" said Emma.

The conversation ceased, and the ladies retired to dress.

Emma had received one letter from Edwin since his departure. He wrote in high spirits, and appeared greatly pleased with the Officers in his corps. They were ordered to embark for Ireland, which, he said, he was glad of, as he should have more frequent opportunities of hearing from his beloved than if he had been sent where he had feared, to the West-Indies. He concluded thus:—"My dear girl, keep up your spirits, as I flatter myself our separation will not be of long continuance. My father

father must relent, and we shall be ultimately happy."

This letter composed the mind of Emma; for although she could not fail experiencing anxiety for his safety, yet, on the whole, she preferred his destination to any other : for in most others he would have had a change of climate to encounter, more dangerous than hostile foes, and perhaps a malignant fever might have deprived her of him for ever.

"Thank God," cried she, "my beloved Edwin is yet safe ! Thank God I may once more hope to behold the husband of my choice ! May Heaven preserve his precious life, and may he return in safety to his native country !"

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## CHAP. VIII.

“ A mutual flame was quickly caught,

“ Was quickly too reveal'd ;

“ For neither bosom lodg'd a wish

“ Which virtue keeps conceal'd.”

THE health of Mr. Godfrey every day mended, and he hoped, in a short time, to be able to return to Cornwall. Every day increased the pleasure he and his family enjoyed in the society of Lady Clayton and her young friend. Frederic constantly attended them to all places of amusement. He danced, he rode, he walked, yet it was only

only when Miss Vincent did so; he was her shadow—he seemed only to live in her presence.

Lady Clayton's anxiety for her Lord would no longer permit her to separate herself from him, and she determined to quit Bristol in a few days. She pressed Mr. Godfrey and his family to accompany her, and proposed sending for a yacht she had at St. Donat's for their accommodation.

“The weather is fine, and the wind fair,” said her Ladyship, “and we shall be home in the course of a day.”

Mr. Godfrey declined the invitation; “but,” said he, “if your Ladyship has any inclination to such an excursion by water, I am sure my son will be happy to attend you.”

The eyes of Frederic sparkled at the proposal, and he exclaimed—

“Nothing



“Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be permitted to attend on these ladies.”

Lady Clayton, after some hesitation, agreed to accept this offer, and it was settled that every thing should be in readiness for their departure the following week.

“I dare say,” said Mrs. Dixon to Frederic, “you would not be sorry to find yourself wind-bound for a month.”

Caroline blushed.

“Why should I wish that?” said he. “Were I going to leave the ladies behind me, I might indeed wish it; but blessed in their society, I shall have nothing left to hope for.”

“Mighty pretty indeed!” said Mrs. Dixon; “so you make nothing of losing my agreeable company. Miss Vincent, you ought to banish him from your presence  
for

for his unpoliteness to so fair a lady as myself, for this month."

"Then," said Caroline, "I should probably deprive myself of the promised voyage to St. Donat's."

"And you would feel no other regret in losing his society, my dear, would you?"

Caroline blushed;—when Mrs. Dixon, still more to confuse her, turned the observation of the company on her, by exclaiming—

"Well, my dear, you have the prettiest colour imaginable in your cheeks this morning; don't you think, Frederic, that Miss Vincent becomes a blush?"

"Miss Vincent always looks to advantage," said he; and willing to spare both her and himself any further ridicule from Mrs. Dixon, he quitted the room.

When the ladies were alone—"I verily think,

think, Caroline," said Lady Clayton, "that young Godfrey is in love with you."

"With me, Madam?" said Caroline, the blood mounting to her cheeks, and dying them a scarlet; "Mr. Godfrey in love with me? Impossible!"

"Mighty impossible," said Mrs. Dixon, sarcastically, "for a young man to like a pretty girl."

"I beseech you, Madam," returned Caroline, "spare me on this subject; I am unfit to be made an object of ridicule. Mr. Godfrey knows better what is due to his family than to cast a serious thought on an indigent girl like me. I am entirely the child of Lady Clayton's bounty; her generous nature pitied my forlorn state; she has rendered the life of my mother comfortable, and taken to her friendship and protection  
the

the fatherless Caroline. Yet though thus honoured with her notice, believe me, I am neither vain nor foolish enough to translate the common attentions of politeness into marks of regard."

"Ah, my dear," returned Mrs. Dixon, "I fear you deceive yourself in regard both to your own and his sentiments. That he loves you, I have no doubt; and pardon me if I say that I think you have some little *tendre* for him; nay, let me tell you, I should be almost angry if you had not, for he is deserving of the regard of every one: he is young, handsome, amiable, good, virtuous—and rich—that is, if he marries to please his uncle."

"Bless me," cried Caroline, "what a list of perfections! But you need not alarm yourself, Madam—I shall not be put to the trial; I have nothing to recommend me—I

am



am a little insignificant girl, I am nobody : I am poor, and of mean extraction."

" I tell you what, Caroline," said Lady Clayton, " if any man, after having seen you, could waste a thought on the trifling consideration of wealth, he would be unworthy of your regard ; your virtues would do honour to the most exalted situation, and give dignity to the most humble. No one should have dared to have thus undervalued you in my presence but yourself ; and while you are of so much consequence to my happiness, I desire you will not call yourself insignificant."

" Ah, my dear Lady Clayton," exclaimed Caroline, " how good you are, how noble, how generous ! I cannot be insignificant while blessed with your protection ; I cannot be unhappy while enjoying your affection."

“Come, come,” said her Ladyship, “no more nonsense; I want to talk to my old acquaintance here,” turning to Mrs. Dixon; “decamp immediately; perhaps Miss Godfrey will take a walk with you.”

Caroline withdrew, however, to her own apartment, and began, for the first time, to analyze the sentiments she felt for Frederic. His attentions and manners had pleased her; his character rose every day in her opinion; she admired him for his philanthropy, his benevolence, his charity. Who could behold his anxiety and attention to his father, his gentleness and suavity of manners to his sister, and not admire him?—“His person,” thought she, “is certainly handsome, his countenance is very engaging, his air is graceful, and his voice—Oh how melodious that is! I shall be sorry to part from

from him ; I esteem him, but love is out of the question.

Yet it is rather surprising that with all her indifference, Caroline's mind dwelt on no individual person or thing but Frederic ; he occupied her whole thoughts, her daily reveries, her nightly dreams.

My gentle reader, it is most probable thou hast, before now, felt *la belle passion* ; if thou hast, I need not descant on its pains and its pleasures ; but lest thou shouldst not, lest thou shouldst be one of that unfortunate sisterhood, commonly termed *old maids*, I will gratify thy curiosity, and portray them to thee as well as I can in the course of this history ;—but first I must let thee into a notion, entertained by an old maiden relation of mine, who, like most others in her predicament, had been crossed in love. My aunt Priscilla deno-

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minated

minated none *old maids*, but those ladies who, from some peculiar misfortune in person or manners, had never, through the whole course of their lives, received a proposal of marriage; and those who, like herself, had been unlucky enough to lose those to whom their hearts were united, or who had refused all offers that had been made them, were by her ycleped “maiden gentlewomen.”

Gentle reader, do not frown at aunt Priscilla’s opinion. But I beg pardon for my digression.—

“I think,” said Mrs. Dixon, as Caroline quitted the room, “I never saw a sweeter girl; I wish, from my soul, Frederic may be seriously in love with her. Pray what was her father?”

“I cannot,” said Lady Clayton, “give you any certain information respecting him; and



and from the total seclusion of Mrs. Vincent, I am rather inclined to think there is something held back from the knowledge of the world. Soon after my marriage, Clayton took me into Glamorganshire, and we took up our abode at St. Donat's. In a very small and mean cottage in its vicinity, I discovered Mrs. Vincent, who passed for the widow of a subaltern Officer. Caroline was then quite a child. I found Mrs. Vincent a woman of superior education, sensible, and highly accomplished—indeed, in every respect above the situation in life she represented herself to have originally moved in; and you will concur in this sentiment when I inform you that Caroline has never had any other instruction than that derived from her mother. Every observation which I casually made on her former situation, was invariably repulsed by

Mrs. Vincent; and to this day, although we have known each other ten years, I remain in perfect ignorance. Mrs. Vincent kept a small boarding-school, and by that means earned a scanty pittance for herself and child. My first knowledge of them originated in my wish of placing the child of one of my domestics under her tuition. I was astonished to find such a woman in such a situation. I endeavoured to procure her a more comfortable habitation, and my Lord fitted up a small house for her reception in a town about five miles from us. I could not persuade her to accept any assistance for herself, but she bespoke my friendship for Caroline. Miss Vincent has ever since spent the greatest part of her time with me; and her mother favours me with her company whenever she is enabled to spare time from her occupations."

"There

“There is something,” cried Mrs. Dixon, “in Caroline’s countenance, which reminds me wonderfully of some one, but I cannot remember who. I wish Frederic may like her; I am sure neither his father nor Fitzmorris will object to her want of fortune.”

“Caroline has a lover, I assure you,” said her Ladyship, “and with the generality of her sex, he would prove a dangerous man; but she has sense enough to refuse the advantages of family and fortune, when she cannot feel an esteem for their owner. The Honourable Major Mortimer was once a gay, dissipated man of fashion. He is rich, handsome in person, far from disagreeable in his manners; but being rather advanced in years, he thinks it high time to take a wife, “to mortify withal,” and begin the arduous work of reformation. Caroline is the object on which he has fixed,

and he incessantly pursues her with his addresses, and declares that, till she marries, he has a right to obtrude himself on her attention.—But a truce with this subject, and give me a history of yourself since last we separated.”

“ My dear friend,” replied Mrs. Dixon, “ my mind is not collected enough at present to recollect things so long passed away ; but I will, at some future period, send you an account, transcribed from a journal which I have always kept. I must go back to the beginning of my life, to give you the information you require. It is rather a history of sentiment than action ; my conduct resulted more from feeling than thought. Alas ! feeling and sentiment, tinged with not a small share of romance, gave the colour to my destiny. Yet I cannot say I have had more than my share of misfortune,



fortune, nor can I boast having had more than my share of happiness."

The ladies were now interrupted by a servant, who informed them that dinner was on the table.

Mrs. Dixon, who now thought she had a fair opportunity of rallying Frederic, suffered him to rest no longer than till they were all seated at table, and engaged in the pleasant occupation of eating, than she began—

"So, Miss Vincent, I dare say Major Mortimer will be rejoiced to see you at St. Donat's again; but how will he like your bringing home that young spark there?"

"Madam," said Caroline, blushing, and hesitating, "Major Mortimer, Madam! What is the Major to me, Mrs. Dixon?"

“ Oh nothing at all, my dear, I dare say ; we can all see by your blushes that Major Mortimer is nothing to you.—Now, Frederic, did you ever see a young lady blush like Miss Vincent ?—and for nothing too.”

Frederic did indeed look at Caroline, with a face pale as ashes, and an agitation which he felt it impossible to conceal ; and which Mrs. Dixon observing, she exclaimed—

“ Nay, don’t be frightened ; I suppose it is nothing to you, as you know you are not interested in the affair. I see how it is, but I am sorry for you ; but as the Major is a fine handsome fellow, I cannot wonder at the lady’s partiality for him.”

“ My partiality for him !” repeated Caroline, with astonishment ; “ my partiality for Major Mortimer !”

“ Come,

"Come, come," said Lady Clayton, willing to see what effect this conversation would have on Frederic, "you shall not be too hard on my little Vincent. I am afraid you envy her; she is a good girl, and I know one more truly deserving of her than Major Mortimer."

Miss Vincent, for the first time since this subject was begun, took her eyes from off the table, and with amazement fixed them on Lady Clayton. She could scarcely believe that it was her friend who had spoken; she, however, made no answer, and the subject dropped.

Frederic was inattentive and absent during the remainder of the meal; and as soon as he possibly could, he retired to take a solitary walk under the cliffs, at the edge of the water.

“ So then, at last,” said he, mentally, “ my hopes are all blasted, and Caroline Vincent is an engaged woman ;—and have I all this time been pursuing a flirt, a coquette ? For what else can any woman be, who would suffer a man to pay her the marked attention I have paid her, all the time knowing herself pre-engaged ? ”

Frederic reflected, ruminated, and at length determined to banish her from his thoughts for ever. Yet she continually recurred to his recollection, and he unfortunately thought of nothing else.

Meantime, the fair object of his contemplation retired to her own apartment, where she sat for some time, too much occupied by her reflections to think of employing herself in study or amusement. She wished to indulge her thoughts undisturbed ; and fearing an interruption if she remained in  
the



the house, she took a solitary ramble over the hill; and amid the beautiful scenery of Clifton Hill she seated herself to retrace that day's table talk. The more she reflected, the more extraordinary she thought Lady Clayton's conduct. What could her Ladyship mean by endeavouring to persuade the company that she was engaged to Major Mortimer? She did not like to have any one deceived. "And ah!" thought she, "Frederic perhaps believes this invention; he may believe me really engaged to the Major!"

Well, and what then? Why, gentle reader, I leave you to guess, but certainly Miss Vincent did not much like the idea.

She had not remained long in this situation, before Frederic himself joined her. She immediately arose, and taking some slight notice of him, pursued her way. He followed,

followed, and walked by her side some time in silence. At length he suddenly caught her hand, and exclaimed—

“Happy, happy Mortimer!”

Caroline turned towards him, and on observing the gravity of his countenance, could not restrain a smile.

“Nay,” said he, with vehemence, “do not laugh at me, do not trifle with my feelings, do not render me frantic.” Then looking sternly in her face, “Is it generous to endeavour to render me miserable? Is it honourable in Caroline Vincent to deceive?”

“By what right, Mr. Godfrey,” said she, “do you thus question me?”

“It is true, Madam, I have no right to question you—no right but that of a sufferer to speak.—Like the Syren, you have allured to destroy—you have smiled to deceive.”

“Mr.

“ Mr. Godfrey,” said Caroline, indignantly, “ you are now, I suppose, endeavouring to shew me how much people in general are deceived with regard to your character. I insist on your quitting me, and that immediately. I have been sufficiently insulted, and I shall take care how I again give you an opportunity of conducting yourself in this manner.”

“ Have you not,” cried he, preventing her endeavours to escape him, “ have you not encouraged me to hope my attentions were not disagreeable to you? Have you not tried to ensnare my heart? And are you not engaged to Major Mortimer?”

“ To the first charge,” replied she, “ I answer, that I considered your attentions as the common civilities which most men pay to my sex. To the second, that my heart entirely acquits me of any intention to  
6 ensnare

ensnare your, or any man's affections; and as to the last, I will candidly inform you I have no attachment or connection whatever towards Major Mortimer. And now you will no longer intrude on my retirement, but suffer me to return in peace to the hotel. I consider your conduct as highly insulting and improper, and I am sunk in my own esteem by having subjected myself to it."

She then turned from him, and was walking away, but he caught her arm, vehemently exclaiming—

"Never, never shall you quit me until you have pronounced my pardon! Oh my beloved Caroline, do not hate me—do not despise, and cast me off! Say but that you forgive me; be but once reconciled to me, and I will quit you immediately."

"I have no anger against you, Mr. Godfrey," returned she, calmly; "it is a trifle unworthy



unworthy my notice," and she hurried as fast as possible down the hill.

Frederic followed without saying another word. They entered the house together. Caroline proceeded to the drawing-room, and Frederic retreated to his chamber. Although much vexed and hurt at the retrospection of his own conduct, yet he was happy to discover the fallacy of that surmise on which Mrs. Dixon had founded her raillery; and although he lamented the offence he had given Caroline, yet he did not entirely despair of making his peace at some future opportunity.

As soon as he returned to the company, Mrs. Dixon asked if he had had a pleasant walk.—“Poor Miss Vincent was quite unfortunate in not meeting with you; her walk has been so very solitary.”

“ I beg

"I beg pardon," replied Caroline, "I did meet Mr. Godfrey; but I preferred my own reflections to a companion."

"I declare, Mr. Fitzmorris," said Mrs. Dixon, "I think it was very unpolite in your nephew to permit Miss Vincent to walk alone."

"Come, come," said Fitzmorris, taking the reluctant hand of Caroline, "you shall not be too hard on either Miss Vincent or my nephew; I am sure, my love, Frederic would have been happy to have accompanied you in your walk, had he known your intention; even old as I am, I would do any thing to give you pleasure."

He lifted her hand to his lips, tears shone in his eyes; he pretended to cough, pulled out his handkerchief, and continued,—

"Come, Frederic, what say you to making amends for your former neglect, by  
attending

attending Miss Vincent in an excursion to-morrow, to any place she will name?"

"You may see by his face," said Mr. Godfrey, "how unpleasant such a scheme will be to him."

"Ah, Sir!" said Frederic, "Miss Vincent must know how honoured, how happy I shall be."

"Oh," said Lady Clayton, "I dare say you understand each other vastly well, so you shall take her to see King's Weston; Mr. Fitzmorris's phaeton will do nicely."

Caroline knew not how to object without the imputation of prudery, and therefore let the matter rest. Her anxiety, however, was equal to Frederic's, yet their sentiments differed. She dreaded, feared, hoped, and wished alternately for the ensuing day. Her imagination pictured the countenance of Frederic, his ardour, and his energy while

while he declared his passion, which she doubted not of hearing. She framed answers, she formed resolutions, but the time no sooner arrived, than they all vanished, and she was overwhelmed in confusion and shame.

Frederic, *tout au contraire*, was all transported expectation. Sleep visited not his pillow, and the day no sooner dawned, than he arose to make preparations;—his was indeed the impatience of a lover, for before the domestics were stirring had he equipped himself; and thinking it the longest morning he had ever experienced, he waited the hour of breakfast with no small degree of impatience. The repast was no sooner over, than Mr. Fitzmorris's phaeton drove up to the door, and Frederic handed Caroline into it. Mrs. Dixon ironically wished



wished them a pleasant ride, and they drove off.

Caroline would have given worlds to have been in any other place. She was terrified, she dreaded to hear the voice of Frederic. He, however, calmed her agitation by conversing for some time on indifferent subjects; and they had proceeded some way before he ventured on the only topic which could at this time interest him. At length he summoned resolution enough to say—

“ Will the lovely Miss Vincent pardon—can she forget the impropriety of my conduct yesterday ?”

“ I beg, Mr. Godfrey,” replied she, “ you will not touch on the only subject which can render this morning unpleasant; believe me, I have not thought of it since.”

“ Oh

“ Oh beloved and adored Caroline ! pardon the effects of despair—pardon a man, who, loving you to distraction, and believing you affianced to another, knew not, in the bitterness of disappointment, what he did ! Ah !” exclaimed he, pressing her hand to his lips, “ I was not myself—I knew not what I said ; I was awake only to the fear of losing you for ever. Say,” continued he, earnestly gazing in her countenance, and trembling with agitation and expectation, “ tell me, my sweet girl, that you pardon my presumption—tell me that you do not hate me !”

Caroline looked the other way, and endeavoured, in vain, to avoid his penetrating glance. He put his arm gently round her waist, and turning her lovely face towards him, said—

“ My

“ My dear Miss Vincent, only say that it is possible time and assiduity may favour my suit—only promise me your friendship—only permit me to hope that I am not indifferent to you, and I will be content.”

His eyes were fixed on her expressive face, in which he read the emotions of her soul. He presaged happiness to himself; his voice was stopped by the energetic manner in which he had spoken, and his eyes sparkled with rapture as he surveyed her animated confusion. He knew not what he did, till Caroline suddenly exclaimed—

“ Oh stop—pull the reins! For God’s sake stop! Only see where you are driving!”

The horses had indeed turned out of the road, and a deep rut was close to the wheels. Frederic smiled at his inattention, turned the horses, and then continued the conversation,

conversation, nor suffered it to drop until she consented that he should apply for her mother's consent to address her.

On their return home, Lady Clayton informed them that the yacht was arrived, and that within two days, if the wind was fair, she should take her aquatic expedition, "And so, Mr. Godfrey," said she, "I hope you will favour Lord Clayton with your company at St. Donat's?"

"Major Mortimer too," said Mrs. Dixon, "will thank you for your care of his future Lady."

Frederic answered, smilingly, "I hope, Madam, he will."

"Ah," said Mrs. Dixon, "I see Miss Vincent has spoiled all my sport, but I will be up with her ere long."

Frederic now went in search of his father, and Fitzmorris, to whom he communicated

his



his wishes, and earnestly besought their sanction.

“ My son,” said Mr. Godfrey, “ I warmly approve your choice; the Lord prosper you ! Caroline Vincent is worthy of you.”

“ My dear boy,” said Fitzmorris, “ no one action of your life, since first I have known you, has given me so much satisfaction. I love your Caroline almost with parental tenderness ; her age, her manners, her form, all combine to remind me of the happiness I once fondly flattered myself I should enjoy in beholding the maturity of my children. I even at times fancy a resemblance exists between her and my unhappy Caroline. May Providence guide you both to the haven of felicity, and everlastingly bless you hereafter !”

A tear stole softly down his cheek, and he quitted the room to conceal his emotion.

Mr. Godfrey and Frederic returned to the ladies.

Never was animation greater than Frederic's; joy sparkled in his eyes, happiness was seated at his heart; he felt a trembling kind of certainty, a doubtful assurance of Caroline's regard for him, which exhilarated his spirits, and gave an inexpressible glow to his countenance. Ah! it was the intuitive knowledge of a lover, little short of conviction; it was the sublime emanation of congenial souls,

"Where thought meets thought ere from the lips they part,

"And each fond with springs mutual from the heart!"

Every thing was ready for the departure of our trio, and at the appointed time, Lady Clayton and Miss Vincent separated from  
friends,

friends, who had made their stay at the Wells so pleasant. They took an affectionate leave of the two ladies and Mr. Godfrey. Fitzmorris attended them to the water-side. He offered his arm to Caroline, and during their short walk, he took an opportunity of saying, that he hoped soon to be often favoured with her society.—“ You know not, my dear Miss Vincent,” said he, “ how my heart is interested in your happiness. Tell me, sweet Caroline, may I not hope, at no distant period, to behold you the ornament of my family ?”

Caroline blushed, and he continued—

“ Look on me as your friend, your sincere, your disinterested friend ; believe me, I behold you with the partial eyes of a father, nor would I ungenerously obtain your confidence to betray it.”

“ Ah !” said Caroline, “ how good, how noble, how generous you all are ! What pains you take to reconcile me to my own insignificance ! And shall I not imitate you ? Shall I not rise superior to the weakness of disguise ? Yes, Mr. Fitzmorris, Caroline Vincent will strive to merit your regard by candidly informing you that in the happiness of Frederic Godfrey she hopes to find her own. Yet I cannot decide for myself ; I depend on a kind, an indulgent parent, whose will must determine mine.”

“ I shall then,” said Fitzmorris, “ have the happiness of being connected with you ; I shall behold you the wife of my nephew, and shall grow old in the society of those so dear to my heart. Yet should any thing unforeseen prevent this wished-for union, remember that in me you will always find a friend,



friend, ever ready and willing to promote your welfare."

They now joined Lady Clayton; and, pressing her hand as he handed her into the yacht, Fitzmorris then bade her Ladyship farewell, and reluctantly retraced his steps.

There could not have been found a more happy trio than those now seated in the yacht. Lady Clayton was in raptures at the prospect of soon beholding her husband and children. Frederic and his fair one were really enjoying the beauties of nature, for all nature was in unison with their feelings.

It was a lovely summer's day; the birds carolled their hymns to their Creator. The air was serenely mild; a gentle gale wafted a refreshing breeze; and the soft paddling of the oars, as the boatmen rowed along, gave an inexpressible charm to the

whole scene. Yet to our happy pair, there was a charm beyond all these ;—ah ! it was a charm composed of feeling, sentiment, beauty, nature, love ;—it was a charm which taught them to cast an eye of thankfulness towards the Divine Bestower—it was sensibility heightened by rapture, almost too sublime for humanity !

“ Only look at that sweet view,” said Caroline ; “ how the rays of the sun, obliquely shooting, tint the underwood in that beautiful dell ! ”

Frederic looked at the view, and expressed his admiration ; yet soon took his eyes from it, to fix them again on a face, to which he thought no pencil could do justice.—“ Yet that alone,” said he, mentally, “ would be unworthy of my regard—no, it is the more beautiful mind within ; it is that emanation of the Divinity, which shines so conspicuously in  
my

my Caroline, which first attracted my regard, and that shall last when beauty is no more—that shall bloom even beyond the grave !”

“ You will find,” said Lady Clayton, addressing herself to Frederic, “ St. Donat’s more lovely than even these views ; the outlines are a great deal bolder, and more sublime ; yet I should not too highly raise your expectations, lest you should be disappointed.”

It was near night when the much wished-for Castle appeared in sight. It was a Gothic structure, its bastion quite entire. Its watch-tower, its look-outs, its sentry-boxes were undecayed ; several platforms on the walls, were in a high state of preservation. Hanging gardens fell in succession down towards the water, and were closed by a platform, a guard-house, and a banquetting  
K 4 room ;

room; and, last of all, a walled terrace, which overlooked the sea, and commanded in front the beautiful hills of Devonshire, and the rocky shore of Minehead in Somersetshire. In a deep valley at its side, arose the small spire of a chapel belonging to it, and formerly inclosed within the boundaries of the castle walls, the base of which rose considerably higher than the point of the house of prayer. The distance to the chapel was not more than a quarter of a mile; yet the road to it was very circuitous, as the descent on the side was too rapid to admit of a road being cut there. Neither Nature nor Art could further embellish this sweet spot, nor could Fortune have placed it in happier hands than in those of Lord and Lady Clayton; for at those times when his Lordship was free from the influence of his malady, no one was more noble or generous,

no



no one more considerate or charitable ; he was humane and liberal, but human nature has always its alloy, and his Lordship's, happily for him, originated from bodily disorder, not from mental depravity.

Lord Clayton was overjoyed to behold his Lady so much improved in her appearance. She introduced him to Frederic, whom his Lordship thanked in a friendly manner for his attention to the ladies.

“ Oh,” said Lady Clayton, “ but what will your Lordship say when you know that he is come to deprive us of our little Vincent ?”

“ You fly chit !” said Lord Clayton, gently patting Caroline's cheek, “ I knew very well how you would serve the poor Major ;—he dines here to-morrow ; I shall tell no tales. Come, Lady Clayton, leave the young gentleman to take care of the

young lady, and for once condescend to take the arm of your husband. How dreadfully unfashionable we are!" said he, as he pressed her hand, and slid her arm within his; "yet whom should I prefer to my beloved Fanny, or where is there an happiness equal to that I feel at seeing you so much recovered? This moment repays our separation."

Arrived at the Castle, and comfortably seated round the supper table, the evening stole away, till the clock striking twelve, they were reminded that it was time to retire; yet they separated even then with reluctance.

CHAP.

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**CHAP. IX.**

“ Gay hope, and ease, and joy, and rest,

“ All, all that charms the peaceful breast,

“ For ever I resign ;

“ Let pale anxiety instead,

“ That has not where to lay her head,

“ And lasting woe be mine.”

THE following morning, at breakfast time, Caroline mentioned her intention of visiting her mother.

Lady Clayton said, “ I think, my dear, it is quite proper that you should pay your duty to Mrs. Vincent as soon as possible ; I

am sorry it will not be in my power to accompany you; but Lord Clayton will find a horse for your Esquire, and then you know you cannot want me."

Caroline and Frederic rode over to L——, where Mrs. Vincent's habitation was situated. She was overjoyed to behold her darling; she embraced, blessed, and wept over her. Her eyes alternately surveyed her daughter's and Frederic's countenance. She fancied she beheld a resemblance between them, and she thought they seemed formed for each other.

"Ah!" cried she, mentally, "my Caroline is, I see, fortunate enough to have attracted his regard; may nothing intervene to blast their felicity!"

Frederic, thinking his presence might be a restraint on the ladies, strolled out to see  
the



the town. He was no sooner gone, than Mrs. Vincent said—

“ I think I never saw my Caroline look so well or so handsome. What am I to attribute it to? Has Mr. Godfrey heightened the bloom in my sweet girl's countenance?”

“ Ah! my dear mother,” hiding her face in Mrs. Vincent's bosom, “ I am too happy! Mr. Godfrey loves your simple girl; although so much her superior, he loves the humble Caroline! All his friends join in wishing our union, and he is come, even now, to solicit your consent.”

“ I shall rejoice, my dear,” said Mrs. Vincent, “ to see you happily settled; I shall be delighted to behold you moving in a sphere which your merit entitles you to; and if I may be allowed to judge from appearances,

appearances, Mr. Godfrey is deserving of you."

Frederic now returned, and entered immediately on the subject nearest his heart, and soon obtained Mrs. Vincent's consent to an union with her daughter, from whom, during the ride home, he extorted a confession of her regard for him; and his spirits were not damped at finding Major Mortimer at the Castle.

The Major, on the entrance of our happy pair, cast on them a scrutinizing glance, and continued to converse with Lady Clayton. He was a man of great penetration, and possessed an universal knowledge of the world; he had the art of concealing his own sentiments, while he developed those of others. He saw, at the first glance, that Frederic was his rival—he saw also that he

was

was a favoured one ; he saw his own hopes for ever blasted in regard to Caroline ; and although convinced that she would never become his with her own consent, yet he immediately resolved, if possible, to effect a separation between her and her lover.

It happened unfortunately that Lord Clayton left them alone during some part of the evening, when the Major hinted, in a delicate manner, his own attachment to Miss Vincent, and his belief that it was reciprocal.—“ We keep this matter very secret at present,” said he, “ as the old lady is not friendly to my cause ; but we shall soon make it public.”

Frederic looked at him with astonishment, yet pitied the error he was under, as he made no doubt but that the Major believed his love was returned.

He

He continued, "I dare say we shall be a happy couple, as I have sown all my wild oats, and Caroline is a good steady girl."

Lord Clayton's sudden entrance prevented Frederic's answer; but he communicated this conversation to Caroline the first opportunity. She appeared much agitated, which he observing, said, "If I did not think too highly of my Caroline to admit such a suggestion—if I were not convinced of her sincerity, I should think, from her agitation, that the Major's story was not without foundation."

"How can I fail to be hurt and shocked," replied she, "to find any one vile enough to utter such falsehoods? And pardon me if I am piqued at your partly believing them."

"I do not, my Caroline, I do not credit any thing to your prejudice, but I am not

so



so ungenerous as to suppose it malignity in the Major—I rather imagine he deceives himself.”

Frederic had now been more than a fortnight an inmate of St. Donat's Castle, when he received a letter from his father and uncle. He sent that of his father to Mrs. Vincent, reserving his uncle's till they should meet.

Lady Clayton desired him to escort Mrs. Vincent to St. Donat's the following day, and he prepared to attend Caroline to her mother's for that purpose. The horse she usually rode was now intended for Mrs. Vincent; a difficulty therefore arose with regard to her going.

“ Oh!” said Lady Clayton, “ my dear, you had much better have the carriage.”

“ Poh, poh!” said his Lordship, “ Miss Vincent shall ride Snarler.”

“ Oh

"Oh no," said Caroline, "I am afraid of your Lordship's horses."

"You need not be afraid of Snarler; he is very gentle, has the nicest paces in the world, and goes very well; I have purchased him since you left Wales."

Caroline said no more, but a peculiar expression in his eye made her tremble. She looked at him with a tender regret, as she thought his malady was returning; there was a certain arch look which he had in common with all who are subject to this misfortune, and he had appeared flighty for two or three days. She had no time, however, to comment on his countenance to her friend. The horses were at the door; Frederic had forgotten his whip, and returned to the house to fetch it. In the meantime his Lordship had persuaded Caroline

Caroline to mount. Snarler was very unruly. She had some danger and difficulty in seating herself, but his Lordship declared that he was very quiet, and that it was only because he had not been used to a leaping stock, which in some measure allayed her fears, when the horse suddenly sprang off with her, and with amazing velocity leaped the court gate, poor Caroline with extreme difficulty keeping her seat.

“ Good God ! ” cried Lady Clayton, “ I really think she will be killed ! I am sure that is a colt, which has never been broke in.”

Lord Clayton burst into a loud laugh. She turned towards him, and saw, with affright, that his disorder had returned.

Frederic now came again into the yard, and enquired for Caroline.

“ Oh ! ”

“ Oh ! ” exclaimed Lady Clayton, “ she is dead, she is dead ! the horse has run away with her ! ”

Frederic heard no more, but darting like lightning out of the gate, he went in search of his beloved. At the distance of a mile he found her. In endeavouring to leap another gate, Snarler had thrown her off. The horse, or rather colt, had failed in the attempt, and was now quietly grazing in a field near. Caroline was stunned, but not hurt by the fall, though unable to walk in consequence of affright.

Some of Lord Clayton's servants now coming up, they assisted Frederic in forming a sort of chair between two of them, in which she was safely conveyed home. She was carried into the drawing-room, where she found her friend in violent hysterics, and  
her



her Lord kneeling by her, overcome by the most extravagant frenzy.

“ Oh Caroline! my dear Caroline! I have killed my wife!” cried he, as soon as he saw her; “ I have destroyed her whom I would have forfeited my existence to save. I have injured you too, mild, beautiful angel; but may perdition seize me if I am not revenged!”

He then began to pull out his hair by the roots; and throwing himself on the floor, raved until his strength was exhausted, and then burst into a violent flood of tears. He sat down on the sofa by the sweet girl he had nearly so much injured, and pressing her hand, lamented his misfortune.

Lady Clayton was soon recovered, when his Lordship retired, as Frederic assured him that unless left to themselves, the ladies would both be seriously indisposed.

When

When alone, Frederic could not help feeling for the situation of Caroline, and determined more urgently than ever to sue for an immediate union. "For," thought he, "God only knows what may happen if she is thus under the controul, and exposed to the mad paroxysms of his Lordship. Poor Lady Clayton! what must she suffer in seeing her Lord's derangement? Ah! what a noble mind is here overthrown!"

"I know," said Lord Clayton to him, "I know you must hate me; I know that you can never forget my cruel, my barbarous conduct to your angelic Caroline; but it is the frenzy I am subject to—it is not me; would to God that I could have prevented it!"

The

The following morning Lord Clayton was worse than on the preceding day ;—he was obliged to be confined to his own apartment ; no one dared approach him but those employed on the like occasions, and Lady Clayton was quite miserable. Caroline had recovered her indisposition, yet in these circumstances could not quit her friend ; and the nuptials, which had been agreed on to have taken place the beginning of the following week, were consequently delayed.

A sudden melancholy seized Mrs. Vincent ; no reason could be assigned for it ; her health gradually declined, and her whole frame became a prey to languor and inanity.

Frederic pressed Caroline to complete his happiness, alledging the state of her mother's health as a reason which required  
her

her to quit Wales, and change the scene. Caroline at length consented, and at night informed her parent of her promise.

Mrs. Vincent was much agitated as her daughter spoke, and when she was silent, made no remark, except that she thought it proper that she should return with her to L—— previous to the appointed day.

The morning arrived, and Caroline separated from her friend.

“ Oh my dear Madam !” exclaimed she, “ believe me, nothing but the ill state of my mother’s health should induce me to quit you. How ungrateful must I appear to you ! You who have shielded me from poverty—you who have raised me into notice, who have been the kindest, the most generous of friends—never, never, can your Caroline forget your goodness. May the Almighty restore to your affection the  
husband



husband of your heart—may he console, comfort, and support you !”

She flung herself into the chaise overwhelmed in sorrow, nor until her arrival at L—— was conscious of any one being with her.

Frederic was to remain at the Castle until the day which was to crown his felicity, and only on that morning join Mrs. Vincent and her daughter. Two days after they were to set out for Bristol, and join Mr. Godfrey's party there.

“ My dear Caroline,” said Mrs. Vincent, entering her daughter's apartment one night, “ my dear Caroline, I am come to put your affection to the severest trial ; I am come to demand of you a sacrifice the most painful :—my heart bleeds for you ; I am almost afraid to mention it.”

“Speak, my mother,” said Caroline; “you cannot demand any sacrifice that your child will not cheerfully comply with—except indeed,” recollecting herself, and hesitating, “a separation from Frederic Godfrey.”

“But suppose, my dear girl, that should be the very one required—suppose I should exact from my Caroline this proof of her filial affection?”

“Ah! but I cannot suppose—I cannot for a moment suppose that you require of your Caroline such a painful sacrifice. Ah! no; you who have sanctioned our regard—you who have witnessed our attachment—you, my tender, my indulgent mother, you cannot be so cruel. Yet I beseech you,” continued she, her voice choked with tremulous agitation, “I beseech you keep me not in suspense! Tell me at once the whole

whole you require, and do not harrow up every feeling of my soul in this dreadful manner ! I will endeavour, my mother, to obey you—demand of me what you will ; I am your's ; do with me as you please. I will freely render up my life to do you service !”

“ Caroline, my dear Caroline !” said Mrs. Vincent, clasping her to her bosom, “ be composed ; endeavour to calm your emotion ; hear what I say, and judge for yourself. I place entire confidence in your discretion. Ah ! you know not how miserable I am ; the former scenes of my life recur to my memory, and render me doubly unhappy ; and (heart-rending reflection !) I am constrained to wound the tender heart of my daughter ! Yet even now I bid you not to separate from Frederic ; I bid you not to part from him ;

I only tell you, my child, that from the day you are united to him, you must behold me no more: circumstances, the most horrid, have placed an insurmountable bar to my ever beholding you the wife of Godfrey—no, I never can, I never shall behold you more! I must never witness your felicity, and my old age will be divested of your soothing care! Read this, my child,” continued she, putting a packet into her hands, “and pity your unhappy parent!”—Then hastily quitting her, she hurried to her own apartment.

Caroline sat down with terror to peruse the manuscript committed to her by her mother, and soon saw, with too much certainty, the cause which rendered her mother so anxious to avoid a meeting with the family of her lover. She saw she could  
only



only act with propriety one way, and she resolved, however hard the struggle between inclination and duty, to yield only to the importunities of the latter. Yet here lay the difficulty of her situation; how could she, with honour, break off her connection with Frederic? and how could she fulfil it, knowing, as she did, the peculiarity of her situation? She could give him no reason for her desertion; yet she must desert either him or her mother—"Ah!" thought she, "he has many friends to console him—he is blessed with health, youth, strength, affluence; while she is destitute of every consolation but the love of her Caroline. And shall that too fail her? Ah no! My mother, I am your's! Your Caroline will quit for you the object of her fond affection! It would be the height of barbarity were I to leave you in any case; but in the present

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state

state of your health, it would be almost parricide!"—She gave herself no time to hesitate; she was resolved, and it only remained now for her to put her resolution into action.

She arose, and flying to the apartment of her mother, found her in a situation which aided the enthusiasm of the moment. The door was ajar, and she distinctly heard her audible sobs, intermingled with prayers to the Almighty for her child's happiness. No longer able to refrain from communicating her determination, she said—

"Let us go, my mother; your Caroline is your's, and will find her happiness in your repose!"

"My child," said Mrs. Vincent, rising, and pressing her to her heart, "my noble, my generous, my disinterested child, I cannot take advantage of your goodness—I cannot

cannot resign the felicity of my darling; unite yourself to your lover; leave your unhappy parent—she will soon be released from her earthly pilgrimage. Ah, her punishment she justly deserves!”

“No,” cried Caroline, “I will never leave you, I will never suffer you to remain without consolation. Your Caroline will feel no regret in staying with you; she will watch over your declining health; she will comfort you, but we must quit this place for ever—this very night let us fly.”

It is here necessary to observe that Mrs. Vincent had for some time given up her school.

“Pardon me, my dear mother, but I cannot behold the wretchedness of Frederic; if I see him again, my resolution may fail me, and I shall render him and myself miserable for ever! For never could I again

be happy after I had left my mother; her, whose tenderness and affection have supplied to me the place of every other relative—her, who sinking under the united pressure of disease and misfortune, my desertion would, perhaps, hasten to an untimely grave! Oh my mother, spare your Caroline from the pang of remorse, and let us fly together to some secure retreat, where our solitude may never more be interrupted!”

Mrs. Vincent again blessed the Almighty for having given her such a daughter, and again held that daughter to her heart; and then left her to prepare for a departure, which was to take place in three hours’ time, as the Mail generally passed through L—— between the hours of one and two in the morning.

Caroline busied herself so much in packing, as to leave no time for reflection; nor  
until



until she was quietly seated in the coach, and journeying towards Bristol, did she recollect the heroic sacrifice she had made. Then indeed, left as it were to her own thoughts (for it was impossible to converse on any interesting topic with two strangers in the coach), her mind recurred to Frederic, and the difference a few hours had made in her situation.—“Yesterday,” thought she, “I was happy. Ah! how vain, how fleeting, how transitory is all earthly happiness, and how ignorant are we of the change which the morrow may produce! What will Frederic think of me? In what a guilty light must I appear to him! What reason can he imagine I had to act in the way I have done? No doubt he will despise, forget me! Happy will he be to lose the remembrance of one who has made him miserable! How could I have

the heart to quit him—how could I abandon one, on whom my whole soul was fixed ?”

She cast her eyes accidentally on the pallid face of her mother ;—her mild eyes seemed to reproach her for her vain retrospection, and she strove to banish all regret. She endeavoured to enter into an indifferent conversation ; but her frequent abstraction shewed a mind ill at ease, and often did she relapse into her former taciturnity.

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## CHAP. X.

“ And left a lover's for a mother's arms.”

AT noon our fugitives were set down in safety at Bristol, and, to their great astonishment, discovered Major Mortimer in the inn yard. This was a great mortification to both ladies, but particularly to Caroline. She dreaded his accosting them, and still more dreaded the idea of his accompanying them to London. They enquired for a room in hopes of escaping his observation; and having taken some refreshment, were

again preparing to set out, when a waiter announced a Gentleman, and the Major made his *entrée*. When he had enquired after their health, he proceeded to inform them that he found they were going to London, and intended to have the pleasure of escorting them. Caroline begged he would not inconvenience himself on their account, and coolly said, "We can very well dispense with company."

"Oh!" said the Major, "you are not always so fond of being alone—witness Mr. Godfrey."

Caroline felt this speech as an insult to her feelings, and persuaded Mrs. Vincent, in a half whisper, to go in another coach. But, alas! what was to be done? The fare had already been paid, and the total amount of their purses would not defray the additional expence. They therefore resolved to make  
the



the best of what was irremediable; and since they could not prevent his going where he thought proper, to leave him entirely to his own reflections. The coach being ready, they again set out.

The fourth place was occupied by an elderly female of the name of Middleton, who, a short time after they had drove off, thus began—

“ Pray, Miss, do you know any young person who would like to be in the situation of companion to my daughter—I mean a young lady of genteel appearance and behaviour?”

“ No, Ma’am,” said Caroline, “ I am unacquainted with any one.”

“ Now,” said the lady, “ such a one as you would be quite the gentility thing.—God forgive me, but I should like a young lady

lady with your air vastly. Pray, Miss, have you ever been in London?"

"No, Ma'am, I have never until now been fortunate enough to have an opportunity,"

"Well," said the voluble creature, "I'll shew you every thing; you'll be quite delighted; I wish I was like you; there's nothing in the world so vexatious as knowing every thing. I tell Mr. Middleton 'tis the tiresomest thing in the world; don't you think so?"

"Alas!" said Caroline, "I am in no danger of being tired; I have a great deal to see, a great number of things to learn, and perhaps some few to unlearn."

She sighed as she uttered these words, and mentally continued,—“Alas! I have to banish from my remembrance the generous love of Frederic!”

“Well

“ Well now,” said Mrs. Middleton, “ that is the modestest thing I have heard this long time; your daughter, Ma’am,” turning to Mrs. Vincent, “ is too modest by half.”

“ Modesty, Madam,” said the Major, “ is Miss Vincent’s least perfection; with all her beauty, she is not vain; with all her accomplishments, she is not proud; yet to your humble servant, the most obsequious of her slaves,” placing his hand on his heart, “ she is cruel!”

Mrs. Middleton smiled significantly, and said, “ I thought there was something in it.—Well, Miss, I shall be happy if you will make our house your home until after the wedding. I assure you Mr. Middleton, grocer and tea-dealer, Fleet Street, is no *despisable* man.”

Caroline

Caroline thanked her, and assured her that there never would be any connection between the Major and her, and that the less she was in his company, the more agreeable should she pass her time."

The Major bit his lips, and Mrs. Vincent formed the resolution of acquainting Mrs. Middleton, at the next opportunity, how disagreeable the Major's company was both to Caroline and herself. Accordingly, when they next stopped, she requested the lady to accompany her up stairs, and there freely told her every thing that had passed between her daughter and Major Mortimer, and her fears that he would give them trouble before they should get rid of him.

"Oh!" said the good-natured lady, "leave that to me; and as you are not provided with lodgings, you shall go to my house, and we'll see if he dares follow you."

Mrs.



Mrs. Vincent thanked her with tears in her eyes, and they staid together some time, conversing on indifferent topics.

Caroline had, meanwhile, remained alone with the Major, who had seized the opportunity of urging her to receive his addresses.

“ Miss Vincent,” said he, approaching her, and tenderly taking her hand, “ how fortunate do I esteem myself in being thus enabled to open my heart to you !—That I love you, and have long loved you, you are well assured ; could I flatter myself that you had the slightest regard for me ; could I but venture to hope that in time you would return my passion, I should be the happiest of mortals !”

Before I proceed, however, I must inform my reader that Major Mortimer knew of the proposed marriage between Caroline and  
Frederic

Frederic Godfrey; he also knew the day had been appointed for its taking place;—and though he had as high an opinion of her as he was capable of entertaining for any woman, yet he had no doubt that her sudden journey was in consequence of some discovered frailty in her conduct.—“Perhaps,” thought he, “young Godfrey has seduced her, and now refuses to ratify his promise; perhaps he has discovered her in some criminal amour; or perhaps has himself deserted her for another.”

It never entered the head of the Major, although he was a man of penetration and discernment, that any young woman could, from a principle of duty, relinquish a young handsome lover, and unrepiningly return to her original obscurity.

Oh ye young and beautiful daughters of Britain, never for a moment imagine that  
a man

a man of loose and dissipated morals can make a respectable or pleasant companion in private life ; he cannot be an indulgent father or a tender husband ; he cannot be religious or happy ; the sensuality he has formerly indulged in, will render him peevish and morose ; the vicious part of your sex, with whom alone he has been intimately connected, will make him suspicious of your conduct and virtue ; every innocent freedom will he construe into levity, and modesty itself will make him suspect you of concealment. You will also have to cope with that constant successor to a youth of vice and folly, an old 'age of disease and misery ; you will be confined to the peevish chamber of the valetudinarian without the consolation of supporting friends : for none but those who are influenced by duty, will endeavour to alleviate those

those evils which indiscretion, folly, and wickedness have produced.—But I must apologize for my digression, and proceed to give Miss Vincent's answer to the beau.—

“ I have repeatedly told you, Major Mortimer, that I think myself honoured by your good opinion, and that it would greatly heighten my respect if you would cease to persecute me with your addresses.”

“ Miss Vincent, I cannot consent to resign you, particularly in the situation I now fortunately find you. You are deserted by your late lover, friendless, and unprotected; pardon me if I add, poor. Can that lovely form bear the shafts of adversity? Can those lovely arms earn by hard labour a mean and scanty subsistence? No, I am sure they cannot. Condescend then to bless my suit, condescend to favour  
my



my wishes ; ease, affluence, splendour are your's for life, and Mrs. Vincent shall in my house find an asylum. You shall name your own terms ; if a handsome settlement will make you mine, it is your's ; you are the mistress of my fortune and of me !”

“ Major Mortimer,” said Caroline, “ I will deal candidly with you—my affections are irrevocably placed on Mr. Godfrey ; and although it is more than probable that I shall never be united to him, yet my resolution is fixed, never to become the wife of another. I feel the sincerest gratitude for your generous offer to a poor girl without any recommendation ; but it is impossible I can ever be your's. How could I approach the throne of the Omnipotent, and deliberately pronounce vows with my lips, which my heart would recoil at ?”

Mrs.

Mrs. Middleton and Mrs. Vincent now entered the room, and the conversation ceased.

I would not have my reader suppose that this gentleman of the world ever intended to make Caroline his wife—no, he only wished to sound her respecting her union with Frederic; and he wished to discover, if being forsaken by him, which he supposed to be the case, she would listen to his addresses, as then he doubted not of getting her on his own terms. He now saw no probability of succeeding; and though much mortified, he put on a serenity of countenance which proved him an adept in the art of dissimulation.

When arrived at the end of their journey, he offered to attend Mrs. Vincent and Caroline to the place of their destination; but on hearing they were going to Mrs. Middleton's,

Middleton's, he took his leave, saying he should do himself the pleasure of enquiring after their health on the following day.

Mr. Middleton received the ladies with frankness and good-nature, saying—

“ My dear Gertrude knows I am always glad to see any of her friends ”

It will be necessary, before I proceed in my narration, to give a short account of the family of Mr. Middleton ;—undoubtedly the master of the mansion ought to have precedence.

He was a stout, hale man, about forty years of age, possessed of good sense and good-nature, the two grand requisites towards making a good husband ; but these qualities remained in the state in which he had received them from nature ;—they had not been embellished or softened by education. He had begun life, in an inferior station,

station, in the very house and shop of which he was now the owner. Miss Green, the only child of his master, was the cause of his unexpected rise. She fixed on him her youthful affections, and at the demise of her parent, gave him her hand. She, like her partner, had received little cultivation, and, like him, often found reason to lament her ignorance. Providence blessed them with a daughter, and they resolved no expence should be spared in fitting her to shine in any situation in which she might hereafter be placed. Trade flourished, and riches in abundance flowed in on Mr. Middleton, and for some time he and his wife both fancied themselves completely happy; but, alas! there is always something wanting to frail mortality, always something to hope, and always something to fear. Their Gertrude promised to be



beautiful and good-tempered ; but the undivided and ardent affection of her parents threatened to blight this latter blessing, and to be a grand obstacle to her improvement.—“ They could not bear to torment their dear girl ; it was time enough some years hence to begin the tiresome work of education ;” and thus had they gone on, deferring continually what they considered an evil day, until Gertrude had insensibly sprung up to a great girl of fourteen. She could read, write, work, but was not a proficient in either. She had been so accustomed to have her own way in every thing, that she knew not what contradiction was ; and she had a dislike almost insurmountable to every thing which required either mental or bodily exertion.

Mrs. Middleton possessed, in common with her husband, many good qualities ; but

she had one unfortunate failing, which not unfrequently rendered her an object of ridicule and contempt—namely, a great propensity to ape her superiors, and an affectation of gentility. She was, in compliance with this humour, always an invalid, and, with the strength of a dairy-maid, complained of weak nerves. Sometimes she would disturb the tranquillity of a whole circle by fainting during the time of dinner; she constantly repeated every phrase which she heard in genteel company: in short, it was the height of her ambition to be accounted polite.

Soon after the arrival of Caroline, Mrs. Middleton again mentioned a wish of her undertaking the tuition of her daughter, and generously offered her a genteel salary as long as she should chuse to continue with her.

This

This was a proposal which could not fail of delighting our heroine, as I shall now call her, as she could appropriate more than half of it towards the maintenance of her mother ; and she expressed the most lively gratitude to Mrs. Middleton, who kindly said that Mrs. Vincent should also continue with her until she could meet with a situation which should entirely suit her.

This being settled, Caroline desired that Miss Middleton might not be immediately informed on what account she remained in the house, as she wished first to obtain her regard, and make her emulous to possess those accomplishments so suited to her fortune and expectations.

“ It is putting a hard task, Madam,” said Mrs. Vincent, “ on your maternal feelings ; but I think, were you to set off

the acquirements of my Caroline in the most conspicuous point of view—could you prevail on yourself for a short time to discontinue some of your usual attentions to your daughter, and act so as to convince her that it would be restored only on seeing her improve, it would, in all probability, work a very good effect, and you would behold her all that your affection desires. I think the sense of shame, when properly awakened, is the greatest stimulus to the exertions of youth.”

Mrs. Middleton saw the justice of these remarks, and resolved, if she could procure her husband's concurrence, to follow Mrs. Vincent's advice.

Mr. Middleton's consent generally was accorded to his wife's wishes, and he complied, although nothing could be more

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repugnant



repugnant to his feelings than the idea of giving pain to his dear and only child.

The succeeding day, and several that followed, Mrs. Middleton pursued this plan, and every hour the uneasiness of her daughter increased. Caroline played to entertain the family ; she sung, she made ornaments for Mrs. Middleton's parlour, and painted them herself. She read to her, and that lady repeatedly wished that Providence had blessed her with such a child.

Mrs. Vincent and Caroline treated Gertrude with tenderness.

“ And pray, my dear,” said the former to her one day, “ how old may you be ?”

“ I am just fourteen, Madam,” returned the blushing girl.

“ Bless me,” said Mrs. Vincent ; “ I beg pardon—I thought you were much younger. My Caroline should not have dared to touch

that instrument before you; you are a proficient, I dare say, in most things."

"I never play, Madam."

"Oh! what you do not like music! I wonder at that;—but you are fond of drawing?"

Gertrude hesitated, but at length confessed that she had never learned to draw.

"Well, my love, these things are easily acquired; of course you are well versed in French and Italian, and you read and work a great deal? Come, shew me some of your performances."

Gertrude was now too much confused to answer, which her mother observing, said—

"My daughter, Ma'am, does none of these things. I have often endeavoured to persuade her that she never will be the genteel thing unless perfectly accomplished; but it has been all in vain. Ah Gertrude,  
if

if you knew how much I have suffered because my father would not give me a good education, you would be happy to catch this opportunity of learning from Miss Vincent, who is a very polite young lady ; but one day or other you will repent your folly."

" I do, my dear mother," exclaimed Gertrude, rising from her seat, and throwing herself at the feet of Mrs. Middleton, " I do repent even now, and your Gertrude will endeavour to make up for the time she has lost ; she will copy Miss Vincent, and will strive to be all you wish her."

Mrs. Middleton embraced her child with tears of affection, and said she hoped she would pay proper attention to Miss Vincent's advice, as that lady had been kind enough to offer to instruct her.

From this time Miss Middleton began to improve in mind as well as person; she studied to inform the one, and give grace to the other, by practising all those elegant accomplishments so well calculated to adorn the female character. Caroline was her model, Caroline was her friend, and Caroline was her instructress. Every day increased their friendship for each other, and though very different characters, they were scarcely ever separated.

Gertrude was the child of nature and simplicity; her sentiments were pure, her language was energetic. She had never been taught to conceal the feelings of her heart. Her affections were ardent and unrestrained, for she had not a thought which she wished to hide. She was generous, she was humble—happy qualities, fortunate propensities!

Caroline,



Caroline, on the contrary, although equally sincere by nature, had been instructed never to utter what she thought would pain the heart of another. She was refined in her conversation, elegant in her manners; she had polished, and improved to the utmost, every talent with which she had been gifted by nature; she found more pleasure in the society of Gertrude than she had at first imagined possible; and the improvement of her pupil exceeded her most ardent expectations.

Mrs. Vincent had procured lodgings in the vicinity of her daughter, and appeared recovering her health daily. Caroline shared with her the liberal stipend allowed her by Mrs. Middleton, and time glided on in a calm and unruffled uniformity.

Major Mortimer was now a casual visiter in Fleet Street. Caroline could not be  
rude

rude to a man, to whom she thought she had reason to be grateful ; and Mrs. Middleton did not like to be considered ungentle.

I have before observed that the Major was agreeable in his conversation and manners ; and finding it impossible, by any present attention, to gain the object of his wishes, he determined, by a pretended relinquishment of his suit, to procure admittance into the family where she resided, and watch for some favourable opportunity which should throw her into his power ;—he doubted not but patience and perseverance would effect what assiduity had failed to accomplish, and he resolved, now she was separated from her lover, by stratagem to prevent their re-union, if he should discover a probability of their again meeting.

Mrs.

Mrs. Middleton went often into public, but never without Caroline, of whom she soon became excessively fond; she seldom made any purchases without her approbation: in short, Miss Vincent was the idol of the whole family.

“My dear Miss Vincent,” said Mr. Middleton one day, “how shall I ever requite you for the blessing you have brought on my family—how shall I thank you as I ought for the alteration and improvement in my Gertrude? Will you,” continued he, hesitating, “will you favour me by accepting this pocket-book as a proof of my regard for you?”

She thanked him, but assured him if she had omitted any thing in her power towards the improvement of his daughter, she should think herself highly criminal. “I am already paid,” continued she, “beyond

“beyond my deserts; yet I accept your present as a token of your favour, and hope you will never have reason to repent your kindness to me.”

On retiring to her chamber, she opened the pocket-book, and her surprise was extreme on beholding it contain notes to the value of one hundred pounds. She carried it immediately to the apartment of Mrs. Middleton, and entreated her to take it back, exclaiming—

“I cannot, indeed I cannot take so valuable a present.”

“If,” said that lady, “you will not accept any thing from us but your due—if you dislike the idea of being obliged to us, say so, and I will take this again; if not, do favour me by placing it in your pocket, and believe me when I say that I shall think myself in your debt.”

Caroline



Caroline thanked her with tears in her eyes.—“ Ah !” thought she, “ how many with superior fortunes, who boast the advantages of a liberal education, ought to blush, did they hear of the generosity of one, whom they would consider so much their inferior ! How many proud men lord it over those whom Providence has placed beneath them ! And alas ! how many who possess thousands, in ease and security, will wring from the small pittance of the fatherless and widow half of that bread destined for their support ?”

Some of my fair countrywomen, who read this book for the sake only of the love-scenes, will no doubt be astonished that no mention has yet been made of the regret my heroine experienced at her separation from her lover. Now the truth is, that although she did indeed regret her unavoidable

voidable removal, and deeply mourn the fatal cause—although she often thought of him, and not unfrequently shed tears of anguish at the remembrance “of joys that were past, pleasing, yet mournful to the soul,” yet she held it an indispensable duty to endeavour to conceal her feelings; and since she had, in compliance with her ideas of filial duty, resigned Frederic for the sake of her parent, she thought she ought to convince her that her mind could rise superior to the weakness of repining—and since the fatal die was cast, to exert those talents given her, and by a succession of employment, to banish every thought which retarded the recovery of her wonted serenity. How could she think of Frederic, and not be miserable? How could she think without sorrow on his affection for her? Ah! never could she  
hope

hope to be re-united to him! No, that would be almost parricide, for with what a dreadful sacrifice must their re-union be purchased? Yet in secret she often sighed, in secret she often mourned their unfortunate destiny; and only in the approval of her heart, and in the consciousness of her rectitude of intention, did she find consolation. Shall I also confess that she felt no small degree of mortification and disappointment at Frederic's having used, as she supposed, no efforts to discover her? She feared he had indeed forgotten her. "And yet," would she say, "how weak are all our resolutions, how vain our endeavours to bring the heart to coincide with the sentiments of reason and prudence! I ought to rejoice that he no longer retains the remembrance of one, to  
whom

whom he can never be allied ; I ought to rise above selfish gratification, and rejoice in his felicity, in whatever way he may find it."

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